

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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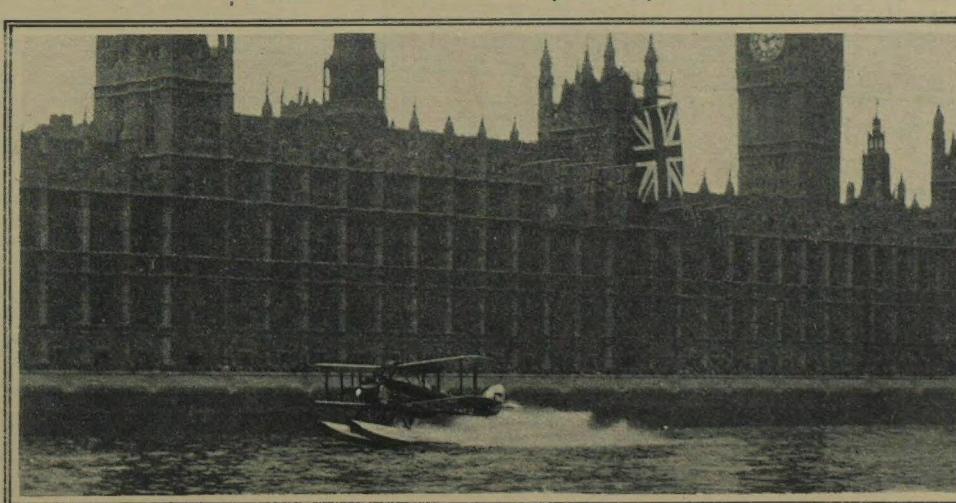
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1926.

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"THE SUCCESSFUL TERMINATION OF YET ANOTHER HISTORICAL FLIGHT": SIR ALAN COBHAM'S ARRIVAL AT WESTMINSTER—  
THE SEAPLANE CROSSING WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AND (BELOW) FLOATING AT REST ON THE THAMES.

Sir Alan J. Cobham, the famous long-distance airman, received a great popular welcome in London, on October 1, at the conclusion of his wonderful 28,000-mile flight to Australia and back, a distance exceeding the circumference of the world. Crowds thronged the Embankment and the bridges and cheered as he flew up the Thames in his seaplane—the same machine in which he had previously flown to India and the Cape. He went up as far as Hammersmith, came back over Westminster Bridge (as shown here in the upper photograph), circled in the air and, recrossing the



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPECIAL PRESS AND SPORT AND GENERAL.

bridge at a low altitude, brought the seaplane to rest on the river at the upper end of the Houses of Parliament. He went ashore in a motor-boat, landing at the Speaker's Steps (as shown on page 638). Later, with his mechanics, Sergeant Ward and Mr. Capel, he was publicly welcomed on the Terrace, and received a message from the King congratulating him heartily "on the successful termination of yet another historical flight." Sir Alan Cobham (whose knighthood was announced on October 5) has given a remarkable demonstration of safety in air travel, a point shown also by statistics quoted on page 643.



## BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE just read a recommendation by Commander Kenworthy which made my blood run cold. It was not at all the sort of recommendation which is supposed to make the blue blood of aristocrats run cold, when that vigorous naval officer (according to the newspapers) expresses a preference for looking upon the blood when it is red. It was not a proposal to eliminate the King, or blow up the Bank of England. I need not say that the Commander does not really propose to blow up the Bank of England; indeed, now I come to think of it, it would be impossible to blow up the Bank of England. At least, it would not do much good, or much harm, according as we happen to regard it. You can storm the Bastille, but you cannot storm the Bank; because it is, properly considered, a house not made with hands. It is an invisible and abstract sort of power. You cannot set fire to a debt or burn down a bankruptcy. You cannot use material weapons against the moral (or immoral) understanding on which all modern finance must repose.

But this is by way of a digression; the point is that my horror at Commander Kenworthy's proposal has nothing to do with the sort of horror that is expressed against him by many politicians of the other school. I am not a Bolshevik, or even a Socialist, but I am quite likely to be called a revolutionist by the same people who call him a revolutionist. It is perhaps the only point on which we should completely agree. On many matters on which others especially blame him I should especially praise him. But I do blame him for having made my blood run cold (as described above) by a proposal that he has made in a weekly paper called the *Humanist*. What alarms me is not his violence, but his calm. It is not any suggestion of a class war, or any other kind of war; it is a suggestion of peace. And that peace appears to me so terrifying that a war of the whole world would seem in comparison to be a sort of soothing platitude.

He proposes that the League of Nations should be reinforced by an International Police Force. The whole world is to be patrolled by an international policeman. Most of us have found something to criticise even in a national policeman; and it is possible that the national policeman has occasionally found something to criticise in us. But at least we have always liked the policeman because he was national. I think it was Mr. Ernest Newman, the brilliant musical critic, who once pointed out that the most English thing in the world was an English country policeman. On the same principle the French policeman is very French. He says, in an abstract and philosophical way, "Justice has found finger-prints in the larder"; when he means that he has found them. On the same principle, a Russian policeman is a Russian. On the same principle, an American policeman is Irish.

But all these formidable figures look feeble compared with the terrific cosmopolitan policeman whom Commander Kenworthy wishes to call out of the void. I do not know how to describe my moral paralysis in his presence except by quoting the whole paragraph which creates the picture—

"My own solution is on the lines of an international Police Force controlled by the League of Nations. I cannot see that disarmament is practical without this. The personnel of the Police Force would be recruited from all the Nations at a very youthful age.

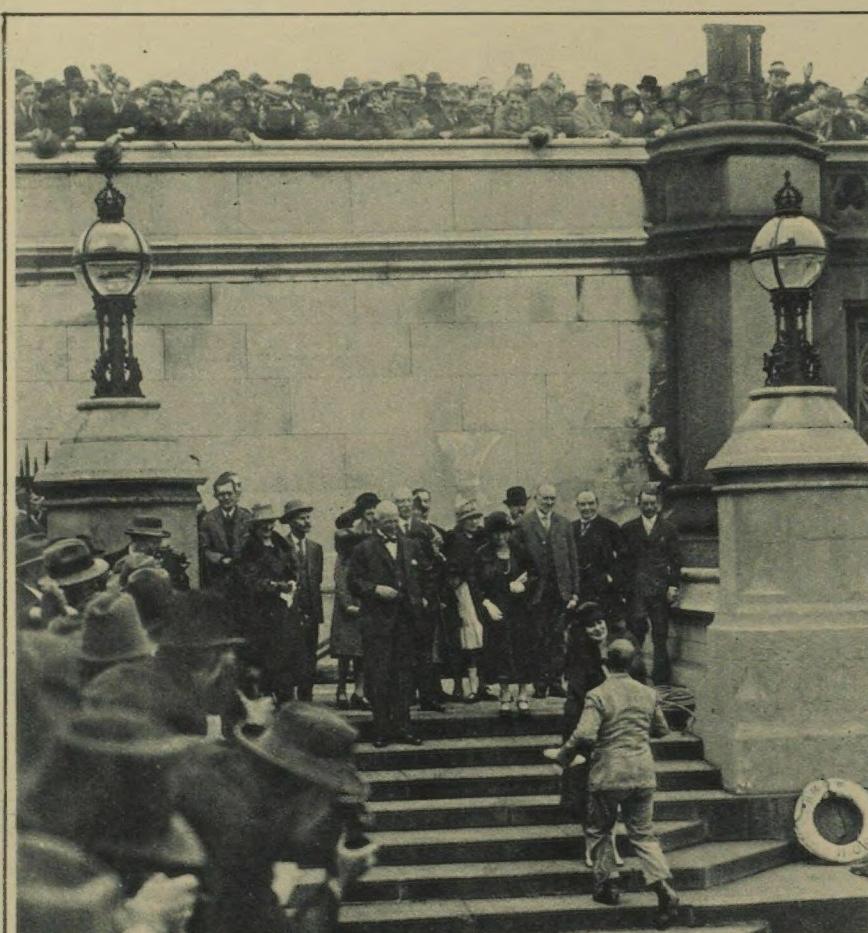
These international police cadets would be brought up together, live together, play their sports and games and speak a common language. All their teaching would be on the lines of internationalism. Not only would they visit their own parents and families when they went on leave, but they would pay special visits to each other's families, in different countries from their own, for the purpose of getting to know the outlook and point of view of strange peoples. Such a scheme, properly managed, would ensure the rearing of a generation of young police warriors immune from racial hatreds and the fever of nationalism."

There are a great many things which might be said about this interesting passage. It might be remarked that a fever which lasts for five or six hundred years at least is rather a prolonged and problematical

and conducted their international and idealistic conversations with the dumb alphabet. It might also be asked whether it is so absolutely certain that the only armed police of the world would be "controlled by the League of Nations"; and whether it is not barely possible that the League of Nations would be controlled by the armed police.

But the one obvious and outstanding thing to say about this striking project is in the nature of an apology to its author. Nobody in the face of this fact can again accuse Commander Kenworthy of being a promoter of popular anarchy or even of ordinary democracy. He proposes to create an armed aristocracy far more exclusive and distinct than any aristocracy of the past. The feudal nobility which ruled Europe at the end of the Dark Ages, and before the beginning of the true Middle Ages, were perhaps a military international body of something of the same sort. They also claimed, and to some extent possessed, the solitary privilege of bearing arms. They also spoke a common language; it was French. They also lived together, played their sports and games together, and all the rest of it. They also had an international point of view, in the sense that nationality had only begun to be felt, while the bond of chivalry was felt very strongly indeed.

I do not merely sneer at that great military organisation, which perhaps saved us from Islam and certainly handed down a code of high manners to Europe. Commander Kenworthy may admire them as much as I do. He may not. But if he supposes that such a special order could be created without coming to value itself and impose itself; if he imagines that these men could be brought up together, live together, play their sports and games, and speak a common language, without feeling themselves a Class—then I do not know where his historical imagination has got to. The feudal nobles did have many links of local affection which made them understand other types in their own land; they did not only "visit their own parents and families when they went on leave," they sometimes visited other people's also. They never quite succeeded in being such a military caste as is here imagined as dominating the world.



SIR ALAN COBHAM'S WIFE THE FIRST TO WELCOME HIM HOME FROM HIS GREAT AUSTRALIAN FLIGHT: THEIR MEETING ON THE STEPS OF THE SPEAKER'S HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER, JUST AFTER HE HAD LANDED.

After Sir Alan Cobham landed in his seaplane on the Thames at Westminster, on October 1 (as noted on our front page), at the conclusion of his great flight to Australia and back, he entered a motor-boat which took him to the steps of the Speaker's House. Here the first and private reception took place, and the first person to welcome him was his wife, who came down the steps to meet him. His father and mother were also among those present, who included the Speaker, Sir Samuel Hoare (Secretary for Air), Sir Charles Wakefield, and Sir Sefton Brancker. Afterwards the party walked along the Terrace of the House of Commons to a dais, where the official reception was held.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

malady for any medical man to deal with so promptly. It might be asked, on the assumption that they all talked one language, what language they would talk? The only thing worth calling a language that ever approached to being an international language was Latin. It may be that these young policemen are conceived as conversing in Ciceronian diction, or joining in the Latin hymns of the Middle Ages. It might be imagined; but somehow I do not think it is imagined by Commander Kenworthy. If he means that they would talk in Volapuk or Esperanto, or any of those modern attempts at a universal language, I am content to answer that in that case they could not talk at all. No talking that can be called talking is conducted in a language in which there is no literature. If they are to talk by new and arbitrary symbols, I would as soon that they talked by signs,

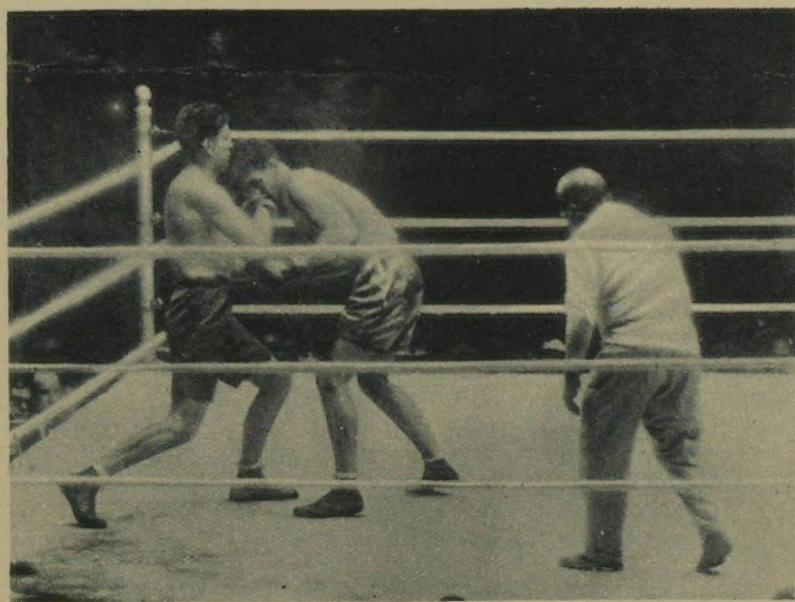
curious idea that people *only* quarrel because they do not know each other? Sometimes they quarrel because they do know each other. We do not always resist a "strange people" because we do not understand their point of view. Sometimes we do it because we do understand their point of view. We understand it and think it detestable, as Commander Kenworthy and I both think many points of view detestable. And surely this attitude is strangest of all in one who encourages industrial quarrels and defiance at home. What two sets of people could be closer to each other, in a physical sense, than factory-owners and factory-hands? Employers and employees do not have to cross the sea to discover what each other look like; yet they have been known occasionally to disagree. Curiously enough, rumours of some such disagreement reach me even as I write.

## THE WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP: DEMPSEY IN ECLIPSE.

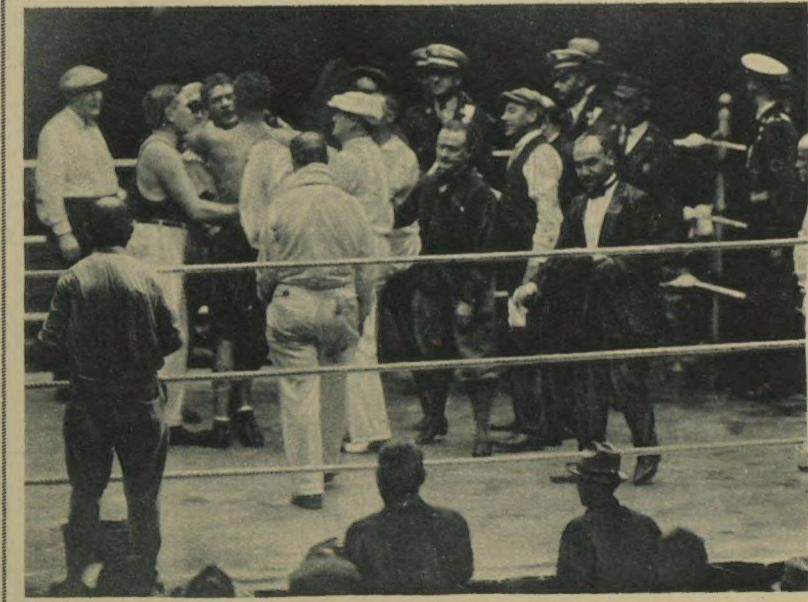
PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A. AND UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.



THE GREATEST GATHERING THAT EVER ASSEMBLED TO SEE A BOXING MATCH: THE VAST CROWD OF ABOUT 150,000 PEOPLE WAITING IN THE STADIUM AT PHILADELPHIA TO WITNESS THE FIGHT BETWEEN JACK DEMPSEY (THE HOLDER) AND "GENE" TUNNEY FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD—SHOWING THE ILLUMINATED RING IN THE CENTRE.



THE FOURTH ROUND, WHICH PROVED THE TURNING-POINT: DEMPSEY (RIGHT) TRYING IN VAIN TO PENETRATE TUNNEY'S DEFENCE.



THE FALLEN CHAMPION EMBRACES HIS CONQUEROR: DEMPSEY (WITH BACK TO CAMERA) PUTS HIS ARMS ROUND TUNNEY'S NECK AFTER THE FIGHT.

The victory of "Gene" Tunney over Jack Dempsey in the fight for the Heavyweight Championship of the World, on September 23, was one of the most sensational events in the history of boxing. It was a terrific contest which went to the full ten rounds, and was decided on points, Tunney winning eight rounds and the other two being drawn. Dempsey, who was not up to form, was outboxed and suffered heavy punishment. After the decision he put his arms round his opponent's neck and congratulated him. Later, Dempsey asked that a return match should be arranged. The match attracted the largest crowd

ever seen at a championship meeting—about 150,000 people, including 20,000 women. Rain fell as the fight began and everybody was drenched. The receipts were estimated at £400,000, of which it was said that Dempsey got £200,000 and Tunney about £70,000. The new champion, whose name is really James Joseph Tunney, is twenty-eight, and of Irish descent, though born near New York. He was formerly a railway clerk, but in 1917 he enlisted in the U.S. Marines and served in France. Among other famous boxers whom he has defeated in the course of his career is Georges Carpentier.

## CHANGING TURKEY: THE OLD SERAGLIO AT STAMBOUL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEBAH AND

## SURRENDERS ITS MYSTERIES TO THE PUBLIC GAZE.

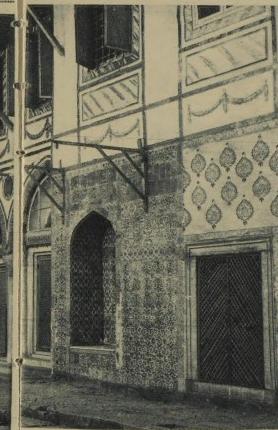
JOAILLER, PERA, CONSTANTINOPLE.



1. THE PALACE OF THE OLD SERAGLIO BEING GRADUALLY TRANSFORMED INTO A MUSEUM: AN APARTMENT IN THE KIOSK OF KARA MUSTAPHA PASHA, NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC



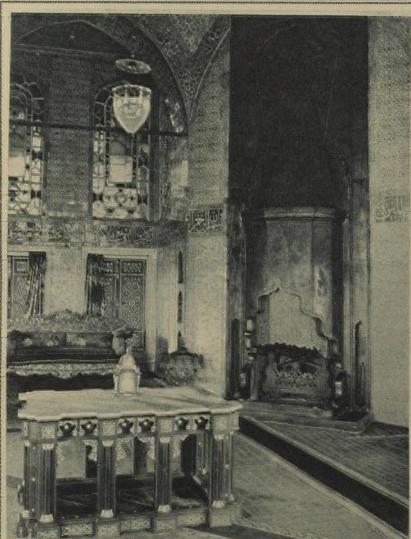
2. WHERE THE PUBLIC WILL SHORTLY BE QUARTERS OF THE SULTAN'S WIVES: A



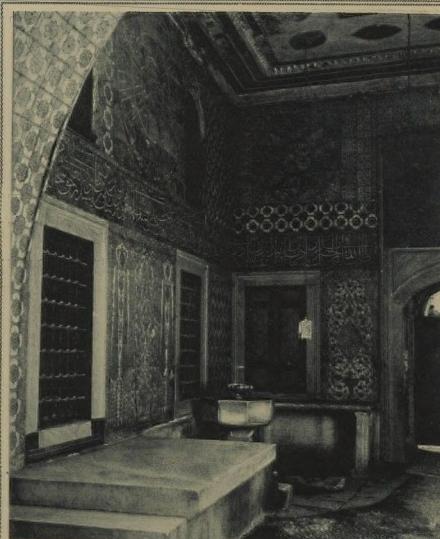
ADMITTED TO THE ONCE CLOSELY GUARDED COURT IN THE HAREM AT THE SERAGLIO.



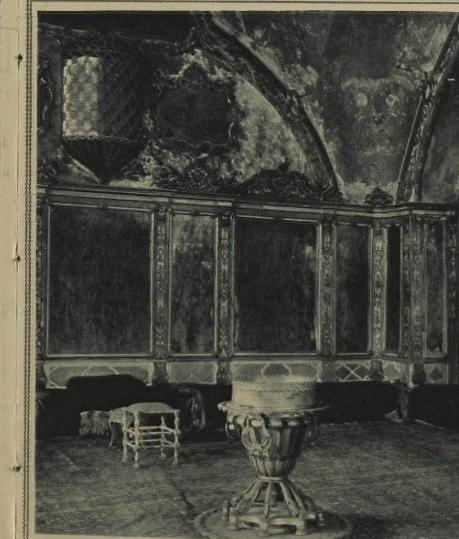
3. A RELIC OF THE OLD REGIME IN TURKEY: THE KIOSK OF MUSTAPHA PASHA—A CORNER OF THE ROOM SHOWN IN PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1, WITH THE CURTAINS DRAWN.



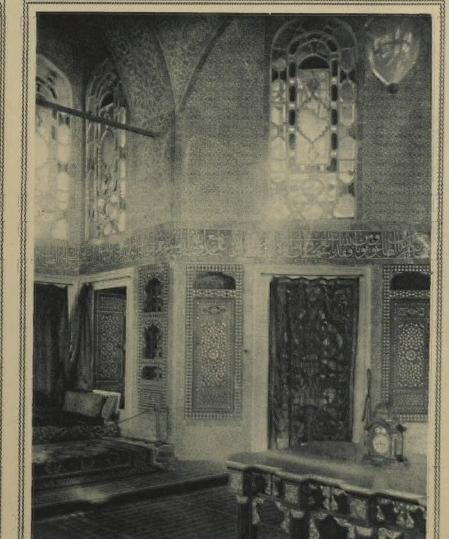
4. MADE BY THE LATE SULTAN ABDUL HAMID HIMSELF: AN ORNAMENTAL TABLE (CENTRE) IN THE KIOSK OF BAGHDAD AT THE SERAGLIO.



5. SHOWING SOME OF THE CLOSELY BARRED WINDOWS IN THE QUARTERS OF THE SULTAN'S WOMENFOLK: A COURT IN THE HAREM.



6. NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: THE "CUPOLA OF THE DIVAN"—THE COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE SERAGLIO, WITH THE SULTAN'S SEAT.



7. WITH ITS UNRIVALLED WALLS OF BLUE FAIENCE: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE APARTMENT (SEEN IN NO. 4) IN THE KIOSK OF BAGHDAD—SHOWING THE TABLE (RIGHT) MADE BY ABDUL HAMID.

Great changes have occurred in Turkey since the war. Constantinople, having yielded pride of place to the upstart capital at Angora, has now no further use for the old royal palaces of the Sultans, except as museums or places of entertainment. Lately the world learnt that Yildiz Kiosk, the famous palace of Abdul Hamid on the hillside above the Bosphorus, where he ruled Turkey for thirty years, had just been opened as a municipal casino with facilities for gambling. A somewhat similar fate has befallen the celebrated Seraglio, the old palace in Stamboul, which has now been classed as a historic monument and put in charge of the Constantinople Direction of Museums. Already many parts of it have been opened to the public, including the Schoolroom of the Princes, the Barrack of the Black Slaves of the Harem, and apartments of the Chief of the Black Slaves. Visitors can also wander through several of the kiosks

and audience chambers, such as the "Cupola of the Divan," or the Cabinet's room, Sultan's Audience Room, the New Kiosk, and those gems of Turkish art and architecture, the Baghdad Kiosk, with its unrivaled walls of blue faience, and the wooden recco Kiosk of Mustapha Pasha. This is all part of the gradual transformation of the Seraglio into a museum. Some of the buildings which had fallen into disrepair still remain closed, but will be thrown open as they are successively restored. One that excites much curiosity is the Treasury, where will be exhibited the wonderful robes and head-dresses of the Sultans, and the imperial jewels. Before long the stone-barred doors of the Harem itself will be opened, and the quarters once occupied by the Sultans' wives, Circassian favourites, and female slaves will be subjected to the prying gaze of the multitude.

## "CES MESSIEURS"; THE QUEEN; "THE FRIEND OF THE QUEEN."

### "THE LETTERS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, FERSEN AND BARNAVE." Edited by O.-G. DE HEIDENSTAM.\*

COUNT AXEL FERSEN has been accounted one of the minor mysteries. His devotion to Marie Antoinette, and, it must be added, to Louis XVI. and the royal children, is well known; his part in the unwise, ill-fated flight that ended at Varennes, how he himself organised it, had the famous *berline* built, provided the passports for "Mr. Crawford" and the "Baroness de Korff," and was coachman as far as Bondy, is history. That which is debatable is the precise relationship between the Queen and "the friend of the Queen."

The Prince de Ligne had it that the young Swede who had been welcomed with that line from "Dido" which runs: "Ah! que j'ai été bien inspirée en vous admettant à ma cour," adored, but did not love. It is evident that he was not justified of his opinion. In the letters retrieved from the Castle of Löfstad, Fersen, confiding in his sister, Sophie, in 1783, confessed: "I have made up my mind never to contract conjugal ties. . . . I cannot give myself to the only woman I desire, to the only woman who really loves me; therefore I will give myself to no one"; and in the following year he wrote: "I begin to be a little happier, for, from time to time, I see my friend freely in her own apartments; and that somewhat consoles us for all the trials she is enduring, poor woman. She is an angel of goodness, a heroine of courage and deep feeling. No one has ever loved like this . . ."

His subsequent knight-errantry for the Royal House—now fostering a coalition of the Powers against revolution; now seeking to neutralise the efforts of the princes and other *émigrés*; then, spurred by Gustavus II. of Sweden and Catherine II. of Russia, urging a second escape; then once more seeking armed intervention—showed him ever the paragon of the *dévoués*.

And at the tragic end of it all he was desolate, a man who never smiled again. "The picture of Louis XVI. mounting the scaffold" never left him; but the trial, the condemnation, and the guillotining of the Queen brought death to his heart.

His letter to his sister bore witness to his overwhelming grief: "My Dear Loving Sophie—Oh, pity me, pity me! The state I am in only you can conceive. I have lost everything in the world. You alone are left to me. Oh, do not abandon me. She who was my happiness, she for whom I lived—yes, my dear Sophie, never have I ceased to love her, no—I could not; never for a moment could I cease to love her, for her I would have sacrificed all in all. . . . She, whom I loved so well, for whom I would have given a thousand lives, is no more. Oh, my God! Why overwhelm me thus? What have I done to deserve Your anger? She lives no longer! . . . All is over for me. Why did not I die by her side? . . . My heart will bleed henceforth as long as it beats. . . ."

Conclusion—in the words of the Editor: "A chivalrous love, as profound as it was ideal and disinterested, a devotion without limits, made up of tenderness and admiration, of compassion for undeserved unhappiness, for suffering valiantly borne—

this is what these letters of Fersen to his sister show us on the subject of Marie Antoinette. He loved the Queen with passion, without one disloyal or sensual thought that could dim the flame of a love worthy of the troubadours and the Knights of the Round Table. Marie Antoinette loved him in the same way, without ever forgetting her duty as a wife and her dignity as a Queen."

Turn to the other phase—the Queen and the Counsellors of the Queen—the other letters, the secret documents that passed between Marie Antoinette and "ces messieurs," the triumvirate of the Left Centre—Barnave, Lameth and Dupont, headed by Barnave, the 2:1 of the correspondence. They are remarkably, fascinatingly revelatory, and they give new aspect to the popular conception of the Queen and her character. "We find in her a politician of an alert intelligence, firm and virile, of sure and practical judgment, who knows how to master her feelings, who has the courage to run counter to the tradition in which she had been brought up, with the object of saving the ancient French Monarchy in bending it to new ideas."

Little wonder that it was through her that "these gentlemen" determined to strengthen and guide the weak will of Louis. Safety they saw only in a Constitutional King at one with the People, and they were for ever pressing the necessity for appeasing the hydra-headed. Especially they were against vacillation. "There are no errors that are of no account when one is surrounded by enemies clever and unscrupulous enough to make use of them," they argued; and "one must not arm one's foes against oneself." They advised and cajoled, warned and chided—and dictated. They were certain of obtaining their object—if; and there were mainly ugly "ifs."

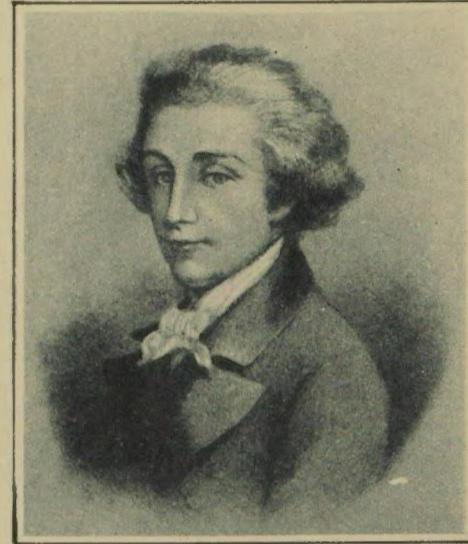
Popularity had to be won and retained. "The Queen," her correspondents pointed out, "must not expect to see, as she once did, everything bowing to her sovereign will; but she may still hope to find herself surrounded by the ardent affection of a Court, and by the homage of a great nation." She must not rest in aristocratic seclusion; she should go to the opera and the play, distribute charity, have about her those in accord with the masses, speak warily, be gracious, guard against the least suspicion of harbouring and favouring followers of the old order of things, realise that Democracy had come to stay, beware of false or clumsy friends, encourage artists and writers, influential persons of good will, and support definitely those who were insisting on the return of those emigrants whose aim was "to serve the King and Queen in spite of themselves, to save the ancient Monarchy and the ancient privileges of the aristocracy, to destroy the abhorred Constitution," and whose sentiment was "Perish the King rather than Royalty. The King is dead, long live the King."

As to Louis, he must, of course, be the most circumspect of the circumspect, dignified certainly, but agreeable and understanding, a collaborator with his subjects, the mouthpiece of the Constitutional Party, obedient in all things. "The people want to side with the King," wrote Barnave bitterly, "but he never sees them, he never hears them spoken of but by their enemies, he never remembers that they are there." The doors of the Tuilleries must not be closed to the crowd. That would not do; the King must live to please, and please to live; there must be no double-game, and he, too, must compel the *émigrés* to return and encourage Austria as an ally.

To most suggestions, to most "commands," the King and the Queen agreed, but there were times when tolerance was hard. It was not easy for either of them to swallow whole the Self-Preservation Pie for Sovereigns dispensed by *Ces Messieurs*!

Marie Antoinette voiced various objections. It took much diplomacy to convince her that the projected Constitution was "very Monarchical"; she could not see how the King could announce an amnesty including both those who had been arrested and condemned "on account of their being involved in the affair of the 17th of July on the Champ-de-Mars" and those who had assisted the flight to Varennes; she was most anxious that the formal acceptance of the Constitution should not involve apologetic words by Louis—"it is for others and for time to judge him."

Very decidedly she was against "the horrible and insidious decree" ordering the banishment of non-juring priests; and as resolutely against changing the personnel of the Royal Bodyguard, arguing that it should be untainted by even a tinge of Republicanism. Firmer still was she about the Guard's uniform. But Barnave was insistent that there should be no aristocratic tinge, that the uniform of the King's Guard, like that of the National Guard, should be of three colours—red, white and blue—and that these colours should be plainly shown. "The three colours are, to-day, French. They are in the naval flag, in the cockade, the colours and standards of the troops. They are not, therefore, party colours, but the French national colours. Either the King does not stand for the nation, or those colours should



"THE FRIEND OF THE QUEEN": COUNT AXEL FERSEN.



"2:1": A. P. J. M. BARNAVE, CHIEF OF THE SECRET COUNSELLORS OF QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.

*From the Drawing by J. Guérin; Engraved by Fiesinger.*



REVEALED AS A "POLITICIAN" WORKING FOR CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY: QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE. From a Painting by Rossine le Suédois; Drawn by Menanteuil; Engraved by Roger.

Reproductions from "The Letters of Marie Antoinette, Fersen and Barnave," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.

be his. If other colours be taken, if the yellow *revers* be adopted, the colour of Coblenz, we must expect a ferment which will reproduce the scenes of October 6th [in Versailles]. . . . There is nothing to hope for when one weighs a kingdom against a uniform."

The Counsellors won. Louis and Marie Antoinette continued to be conciliatory. Then the influence of Barnave and his friends waned. The tragedy of the end is known. The failure was great, but it was magnificent.

And if the Queen failed, "it was because the extreme parties, the only two who acted and knew what they wanted, fought equally against her work: those at home to destroy the monarchy and replace it by the Republic, those abroad to restore the ancient régime and uphold the privileges of the nobility and of the clergy. Reacting on one another, they rendered her task impossible. . . . Between the two the poor Queen and her opportunist friends, as well as their Constitutional Monarchy, were swept like straws before the wind."

There can be but one regret for those who read these unusually engrossing Letters—that they have had to wait since 1913 for the translation of "Marie-Antoinette, Fersen et Barnave: leur Correspondance."

E. H. G.

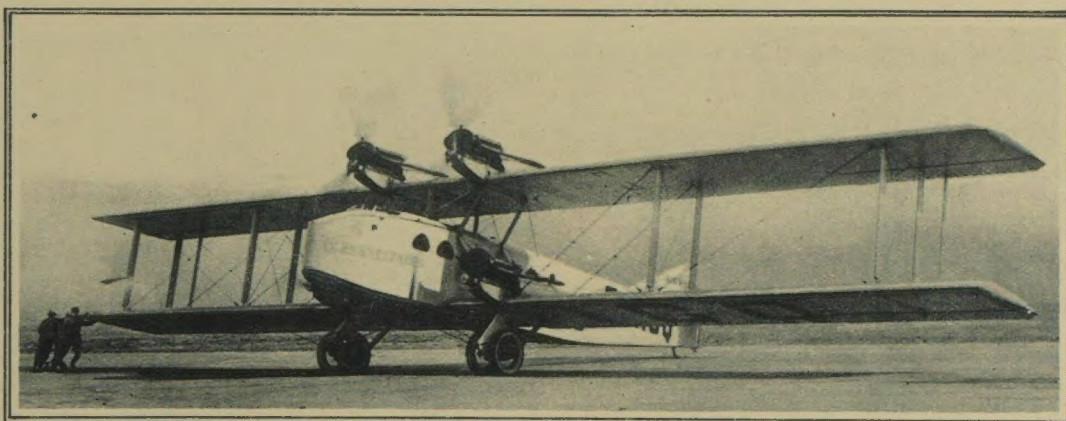
\* "The Letters of Marie Antoinette, Fersen and Barnave." Edited, with a Foreword, by O.-G. de Heidenstam, and translated from the French by Winifred Stephens and Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d. net.)

## THE TERRIBLE "CRASH" OF A FRENCH AEROPLANE: VICTIMS AND DÉBRIS.

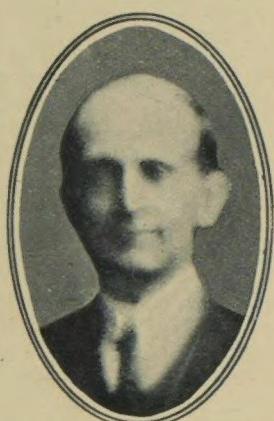
PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., C.N., CENTRAL PRESS, AND AITKEN.



ONE OF THE FIVE PASSENGERS KILLED: THE LATE MR. LEONARD HAMBLETON, OF NEW MALDEN.



LEAVING PARIS ON ITS LAST FLIGHT: THE ILL-FATED FRENCH MACHINE STARTING FROM THE AERODROME ON THE JOURNEY THAT ENDED IN DISASTER.



ONE OF THE PASSENGERS KILLED: THE LATE MR. JOSEPH NOBLE, OF MESSRS. RECKITT AND SONS, HULL.

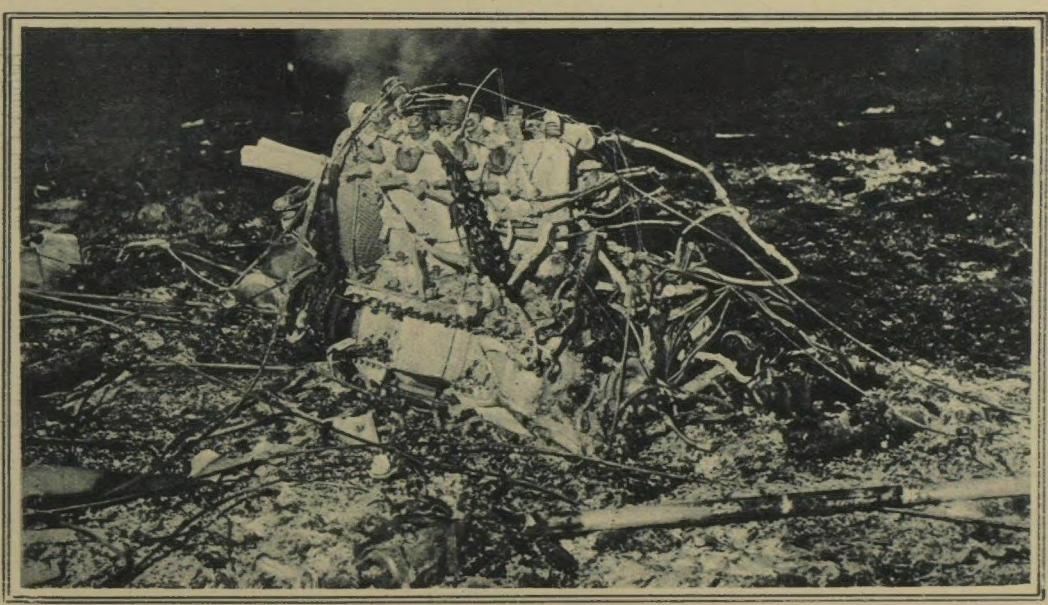


AFTER THE CRASH IN WHICH ALL ON BOARD—THE PILOT, MECHANIC, AND FIVE PASSENGERS—LOST THEIR LIVES: WRECKAGE OF THE BURNT BLÉRIOT AEROPLANE, STILL SMOULDERING, IN THE FIELD NEAR TONBRIDGE, IN KENT, INTO WHICH IT FELL FROM A HEIGHT OF ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED FEET.



THE PILOT KILLED IN THE ACCIDENT: THE LATE M. JACQUES MALLET, FORMERLY A FRENCH ARMY AIRMAN.

One of the most terrible accidents in the history of aviation took place on October 2, when a French Air Union commercial aeroplane, flying from Paris to London, caught fire in the air just beyond Tonbridge, in Kent, and crashed into a field. All those in the machine perished. There were five passengers—Miss Gertrude Hall, Miss Margaret Stainton, Miss Flora Parker, Mr. Joseph Noble, and Mr. Leonard Hambleton. The pilot was M. Henri Jacques Mallet, and the mechanic, M. Jean Bouyer. The aeroplane was a four-engined Blériot machine, of the same type as the one which crashed near Romney Marsh on



SMASHED OUT OF ALL RECOGNITION BY THE FORCE OF IMPACT WITH THE EARTH: ONE OF THE FOUR ENGINES OF THE WRECKED AEROPLANE.

August 18, and it was used to carry back to France the body of the pilot, M. de Lisle, who was killed in that previous accident. Besides its human load, the machine wrecked on October 2 carried about 1800 lb. of goods. It was a tragic coincidence that the disaster should occur the day after Sir Alan Cobham's safe return from a 28,000-mile flight to Australia and back. For the reassurance of air travellers it may be pointed out that during the past twenty-one months the machines of Imperial Airways have carried 25,000 passengers and flown 2,000,000 miles without a mishap involving injury to passengers or crews.

## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## WITCHES' BROOMS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE number of people who sally forth from the town to the country is now vastly greater than at any time in our history, yet I often wonder whether these excursionists have any real love for the countryside. If they have, they are extremely skilful in concealing it. For the most part they whirl

desired to have brooms ready to hand for their midnight rides. As a matter of fact, these strange growths are generally caused by fungi, but sometimes by insects known as "gall-mites."

In some mysterious way these fungi—for there are many species capable of this mischief—change the character of the formative tissues of the plant so as to cause the production on the branch infected of a mass of twigs such as may commonly be seen on birch-trees. One of these curious "brooms," which I cut from a birch during my holidays, is shown in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 2). Sometimes one finds but a mere tuft of twigs, sometimes an enormous mass weighing several pounds. Something excreted by the fungus has evidently a strange power of starting this chaotic growth of tissue; but it is by no means clear what advantage the invading parasite gains by setting up this exuberance of growth. What particular fungus it is which causes the "brooms" of this type on birches, beeches, larches, spruce-firs, and pines is not, I believe, exactly known. Other fungi—and the names of these are known—play strange tricks with the leaves and flowers of a host of plants; some of them are but wayside weeds; some are plants under cultivation,

exactly known. Other fungi—and the names of these are known—play strange tricks with the leaves and flowers of a host of plants; some of them are but wayside weeds; some are plants under cultivation, ranging from the cabbage to our choicest fruits and flowers.

And now I want to pass to deformities of growth of another kind. Just now, if a watch be kept on the willows, it will be found that the leaves of some trees are loaded with strange blister-like bodies, hard to the touch, bright red on the upper side of the leaf and green below. Hardly a leaf on some trees seems to have escaped. If some of these excrescences be carefully examined, there will be found, at one end and on the underside of the leaf, a tiny round hole. Cut off the top of this "blister," and a considerable cavity will be found. Now, with a very sharp knife, carefully cut off the top of one not pierced by a hole, and there will be found inside a small green maggot with a black patch near the top of the

shape. How has it come into possession of such a strange cradle, and what would have happened if it had not been molested?

This little maggot is the larva of a species of sawfly, belonging to the genus *Neurotoma*. The adult female is provided with a most remarkable instrument shaped like a saw, a blade of excessive delicacy, protected by a pair of long plates which may be likened to the scabbard of a sword, but so fashioned as to open, not at the top, but along its whole length. With this weapon she cuts a slit in the tissue of the leaf, and then slides down the scabbard a minute egg. The leaf is apparently unharmed by this delicate surgical operation. Presently, however, the egg starts into life, and in due time gives rise to a larva. Apparently, solely by the irritation set up by its wriggling movements, the leaf begins to form a mass of tissue around the growing youngster, an outer wall, forming the "blister," and an inner tissue of a quite peculiar kind resembling pith, and which, normally, would never have been formed. On this pith the growing larva feeds. But, like the widow's cruse of oil, it is formed anew as fast as it is eaten up. The youngster eats his way forwards, and, arriving at the end of his cell, turns round and begins again; for by this time the



FIG. 1.—WILLOW LEAVES WITH BLISTERS FORMED BY GRUBS THAT CHANGE THE PLANT'S JUICES, AS PROVED BY THE LEAVES (ON LEFT) ALL EATEN BY CATERPILLARS EXCEPT THE BLISTERS.

The bright-red "blisters" to be seen on willow leaves in early autumn are formed by the action of small grubs to be found inside. The walls of such blisters evidently contain some disagreeable substance, as in the twig to the left caterpillars have eaten the leaves, except the mid-rib and the "blisters."

along the road at a speed which forbids the recognition of anything more than a green smudge, varied by the trunks of trees and telegraph-posts. They will stop, occasionally, to despoil a wood of its bluebells or of its primroses, but these are all the signs they give of their appreciation of the fact that they are in the country. What a lot they miss! Birds and beasts and insects, all with marvels to disclose, surround them on every side; the common hedgerow plants and the trees are no less alive, and no whit less wonderful, even to the untrained wanderer, if only they be looked at with a little care and sympathy.

Oak, ash, and elm, Kipling has shown us, make a special appeal to our curiosity if we would but give it a chance to awaken; but there are many other trees, too, which are equally deserving of a little thoughtful study. Apart from their notable differences in size and shape, their seasonal differences, the form of their leaves and fruit, and the striking peculiarities of the bark, we may, and should, take note of the surprising number of living things which shelter amid their branches, the crevices of the bark, or in and around their roots. Some of these seek shelter only; some are parasites whose insidious attacks may bring death in their train. Fungi are perhaps their worst enemies, and these assume many forms. Some attract at least momentary attention even from the most incurious, as in the case of the great shelf-like projections, yellow or red in colour, which form such conspicuous excrescences on the trunks of oaks and other large trees. Some of these fungi, however, escape the notice of all save the expert, for the only evidence of their presence is indirect.

As an example, let us take the "Witches' Brooms." These, though "common objects of the country," are rarely interpreted aright. During the golden days of summer they are largely masked by the foliage; but with the fall of the leaf—which has now, unfortunately, begun—these strange growths will soon be conspicuous. Many give them but a casual glance, supposing them to be just birds' nests—which, indeed, they sometimes resemble: not of the dainty kind made of moss and lichen, but of the loose and untidy type made of a mass of sticks, such as the magpie builds. What, then, are they? In olden days, when superstition was a power in the land, they were regarded as the work of witches, who

vation, ranging from the cabbage to our choicest fruits and flowers.

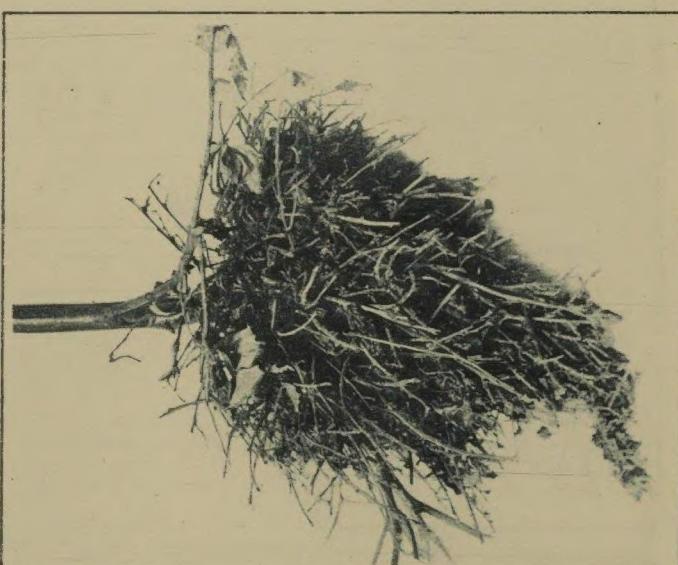


FIG. 2.—THE FUNGUS AS NATURE'S SORCERER: A "WITCH'S BROOM" CUT FROM A BIRCH-TREE.

The "Witches' Brooms" found in birch and other trees are due to the action of a fungus which promotes an exuberance of growth taking the form of a mass of twigs. These "brooms" sometimes attain a great size.

hollow he left behind him has been filled with more "pith." When full-fed he gnaws his way out, and, falling to the ground, pupates, passing the winter in this condition, to emerge in the spring as a small, winged fly. The cradles of two different species of this fly may be found side by side on the same leaf. Why is it that one species causes a spherical, the other an oval, blister? And why, again, do these curious nurseries assume a bright red colour on their upper surface?

That the tissue forming the walls of such "nurseries" is of a different character from that of the rest of the leaf is shown by the fact that I found some twigs every leaf of which bore these cradles, but which had, furthermore, been vigorously attacked by caterpillars (Fig. 1). They had eaten every shred of the leaf save only the mid-rib and the walls of the blisters. These they had left, not out of consideration for the helpless larva within, but because they were unpalatable. So, then, it is not merely the structure of the leaf which is changed by this little parasite, but even the very juices of the plant in this particular area—juices which, in normal circumstances, would never have been formed.

Saw-flies are by no means the only insects to give rise to "galls" of this kind. But I have now no space to say anything of these others, though I propose to do so on a future occasion, for some of them have most remarkable life-histories.

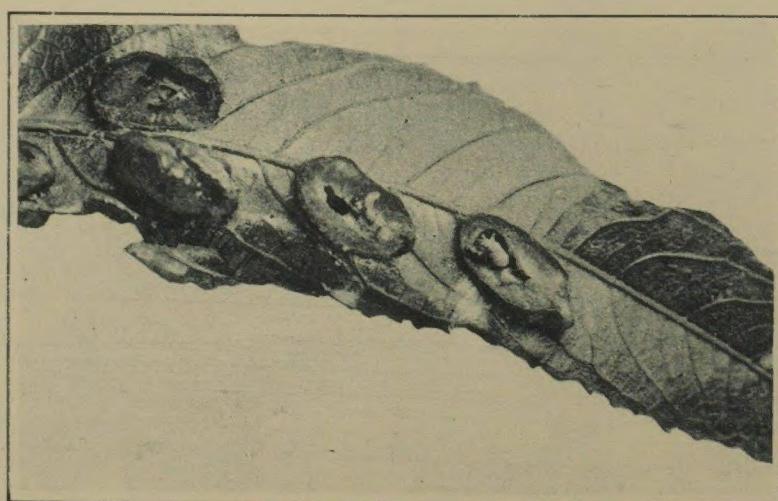
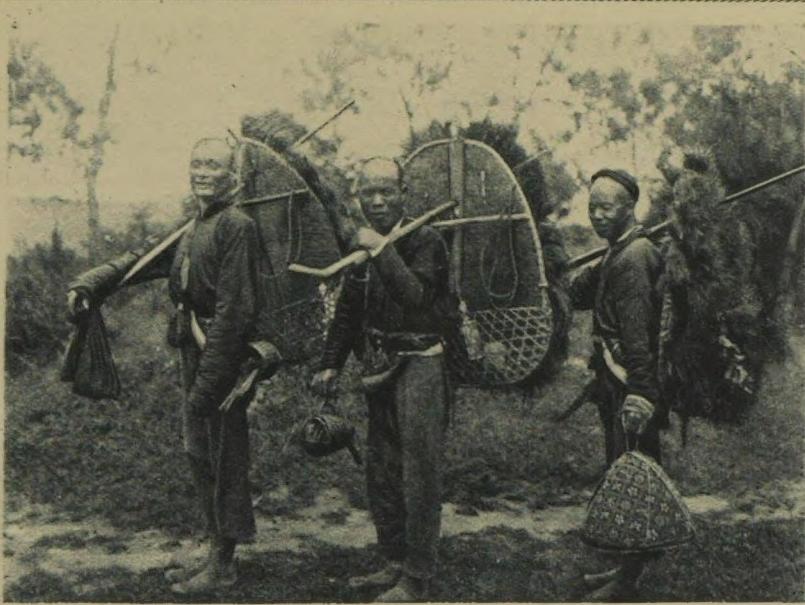


FIG. 3.—PROTESTING AGAINST THE INVASION OF HIS PRIVACY: A LARVA (ON RIGHT) IN AN OPENED BLISTER ON A WILLOW LEAF (MUCH ENLARGED). When the top of these "blisters" is removed, the small green larva, or "grub," is found inside. In the photograph (much enlarged) two chambers are occupied by larvae. Of the two to the left, one is unopened and the other empty, the larva having escaped.

head. As if protesting against this invasion of its privacy, the little creature will thrust out the fore-part of its body and set it vibrating as if with rage (Fig. 3) so rapidly as completely to obscure its



PHEASANT-SHOOTING WITH DECOYS:  
A CHINESE FORM OF THE SPORT NOW IN SEASON HERE.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND ARTICLE BY ALFRED CUFF.

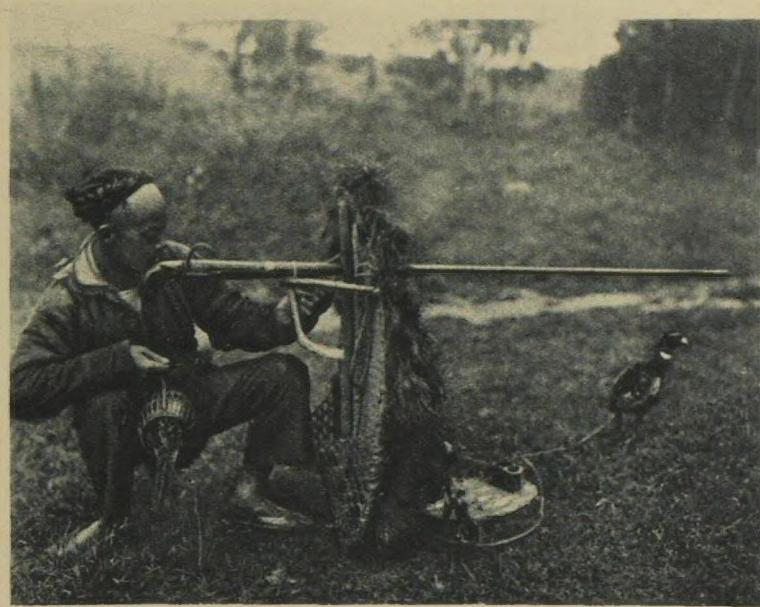


FIG. 2. WITH A COCK DECOY TETHERED (NEARER THAN USUAL TO GET IT INTO THE PHOTOGRAPH) AND HEN DECOY IN CAGE: IN POSITION BEHIND HIS SHIELD—SHOWING ITS POCKET FOR THE "BAG."

PHEASANTS are prolific in the province of Kiangsi, and as the farmers are not sportsmen—that is, very few of them have guns—so these birds increase and do considerable damage to the crops. In recent years farmers from Honan have settled in these parts, and have brought with them a unique method of hunting pheasants, using tame birds as decoys. Both cocks and hens are used, but they are treated differently. The hen birds become very tame, and can be set at liberty without any attempt to fly away, but the cocks have to be tethered by one leg. The men make a bamboo shield which they camouflage with green-stuff. It has an iron foot which is pressed into the ground; a hole is made for the gun, and a peep-hole for sight. The man takes his position behind it, as shown in Fig. 2. The hen decoy birds are carried in a little basket, which they enter from the back, but they are always released from the front. Although they could easily get out from behind, they never attempt to do so; the men say that they do not know how to move backwards. The hunter takes his shield to the hills and waits until he hears a pheasant call; he then creeps to a position as near as possible in the direction of the sound and sets up his shield. Taking a hen decoy in one hand and a rice-ball in the other, he throws both together into the air before the shield. The bird flies down to get the rice-ball, and the fluttering of her wings attracts the attention of any cock bird in the vicinity, which comes walking towards the shield, presenting a sure target for the man with the gun. The hen bird quietly walks back to the man and is put into the cage; then a move is made to another spot. These men tell me they never miss if they can get near enough to the bird to hear the fluttering of the wings. I went out and saw it done, and found that the bird comes within a twelve yards' range, so this accounts for their success. The cock decoy is used in a different way; it is tethered in the grass at a short distance from the shield, and as soon as it is uncovered it flaps its wings and calls, thus attracting hens in the vicinity, or any cocks which may be looking out for a fight. These come within the range of fire and are bagged. Fig. 2 shows a cock decoy, but it is tethered nearer to the shield than is usual.

[Continued below.]



FIG. 3. FEEDING TWO DECOY HEN PHEASANTS, WHICH ARE VERY TAME AND DO NOT FLY AWAY: A CHINESE PHEASANT-SHOOTER—SHOWING HIS SHIELD AND THE BIRDS' CAGES.



FIG. 4. HOLDING THE SMALL FIELD-CAGE, OPEN AT THE BACK, FROM WHICH THE HEN DECOY PHEASANT DOES NOT ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE: A TYPICAL CHINESE PHEASANT-HUNTER.

*Continued.*

for the purpose of getting it into the picture. Fig. 1 shows the men ready to start for the hills, with the hen birds in the little cages and the cock decoy in the covered cage. There are pockets in the shields in which the birds shot are placed. Fig. 3 shows a man feeding two hen decoys; these birds are very tame, and came readily to feed out of my hand. Fig. 4 shows a typical hunter with a hen decoy in its cage; when not in use these birds are kept in larger cages. A few words about the guns will be interesting. These are made by a local blacksmith, and cost about six dollars Mex. Two strips of iron are taken and both edges are beaten out fine; they are then turned into a shape of the letter U; one is then placed inside the other with seams in opposition; the seams are then closed so finely that it is difficult to distinguish the joint. The barrel is smoothed

out by a crude drill arrangement; flashpan, trigger, and butt are attached, and the gun is ready for action. Ignition is made by a piece of lighted tow being fixed in a fork of the trigger. As the guns are not charged heavily, and the charge is only lightly rammed home, there is no danger of the gun bursting. The cost of firing is about one cent per shot, so it is economical. The birds sell for about 25 cents each, and one man told me he shot 280 birds last year. As there are only about six of these hunters in the district, there does not seem to be any fear of exterminating the species. To the Westerner this may seem to be rather an unsportsmanlike method of getting pheasants, but we need to remember that these men are doing it for a living, and that they are welcomed by the farmers, who are glad to see the birds destroyed.

# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

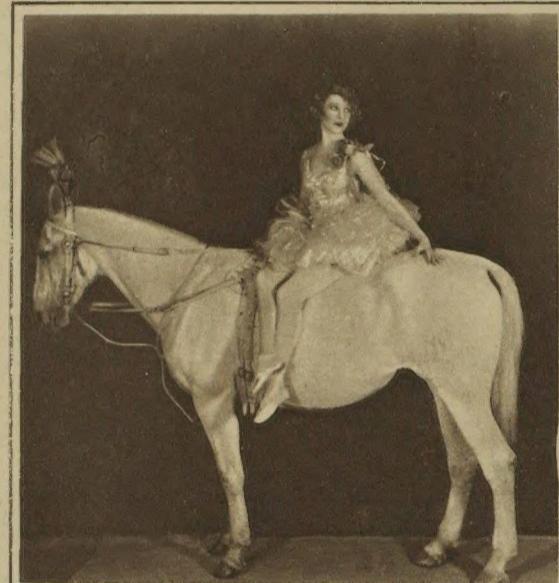
## ON COLLABORATION.—RENAISSANCE THEATRE FRENCH PLAYS.

THERE is a pretty little story in theatrland of what happened not so very long ago to a revue. One of the scenes dragged on the first night. It had to be cut out, and, as the revue was shorter than usual, the manager was in a fix. He happened to be a collaborator in the medley, but at the moment he had no stop-gap, and only a "happy thought" saved the scene. In despair he rang up his fellow-librettist, told him the idea, and said plaintively—"Can you work it out on the spot?" A little pause. Then the gay dog at the other end said—"Is your secretary in the office?" "Sure." "Send her to the 'phone. I will dictate her something." "All right." And he did; at the rate of 160 a minute he poured forth scenario, dialogue, business. In ten minutes the thing stood shipshape at the other end. In less than an hour it was typed and duplicated. By this it was 11 a.m.—hour of the rehearsal "cuts." The copies were distributed to the chief players. The positions were fixed and rehearsed. The afternoon was devoted to memorising. Another hurried rehearsal before the performance. At the appointed time the "new episode" was duly performed and passed, and proved one of the successful numbers of the bunch. It was collaboration worthy of the age, and my informant assures me that the man at the other end of the 'phone was not the renowned Mr. Ben Trovato.

Another story: this happened in my salad days in Antwerp years ago. I was studying there, and above me lived two young "literary gents" whose daydreams were the drama. One night I came home and heard a terrible row in the room on the next floor. Stamping of feet, fists thundering on trembling tables and wild words, ruddy and fiery. "Cheat!" "Scoundrel!" "Assassin!" *da capo* and increasing in vehemence. I felt inclined to interfere, but thought discretion the better part of valour; I might become embroiled in unpleasant business.

duly produced at the National Theatre, and was a success.

This temperamental question has often marred the happiest of collaborations. Did not Gilbert



PLAYING LEAD IN "SUNNY," THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: MISS BINNIE HALE AS SHE FIRST APPEARS, RIDING A WHITE HORSE. It was arranged to produce "Sunny" at the Hippodrome on October 7, with Miss Binnie Hale and Mr. Jack Buchanan in the leading parts.—[Photograph by Sasha.]

and Sullivan fall out in the heyday of their vogue? But very often, when fellow-workers disagree, the onlooker does not get at the root of the question. There is no real quarrel; there is only a fermentation due to creative ardour. In true twinship collaboration, both parties working side by side at the construction of their play are so engrossed in the evolution, so absorbed by the characters of their imagination, that their minds work like figures on the chessboard, with all the complications and upheavals germane to the game of skill. But that is nowadays the rarest form of play-writing—partnership; and even in the days of Meilhac and Halévy, whose collaboration was renowned as "the harmony of two minds rolled into one," it was an exception. Old Dumas, who had some fifty collaborators, kept, so it is reported, a complete office for the purpose. He, whose imagination was boundless, would jot down a plot; let it be worked out by one of his henchmen; then examine the draft, and put to it that which, in culinary science, one would call the "touch of Escoffier"—that dexterous manipulation which is the gift of the man endowed by birthright with the instinct of the theatre. Maurice Hennequin, who recently died, was often reproached for signing plays to which he had done very little, and his defence was "that it is that little that mattered." He often gave the idea of the plot, and never worried about its working out

until the play was completed. Then he slipped in, polished the dialogue by his witty pen; remodelled situations which he considered ineffective; remoulded every flaw which he detected, and would foretell almost to a certainty how every scene, particularly the end of every act, would affect the audience. He had hardly a failure to his name, so sure was his technical equipment for light comedy.

Of course, there are many ways of collaborating. André de Lorde, the creator of the Grand Guignol, "Theatre of Terror," ascribes to some playwrights the gift of

the "animator"—he who finds stories and impels others to develop them; he who by a single thought or phrase opens a new horizon to a fellow-worker which he would never have discovered of his own accord. These "animators" generally never go beyond the spadework of a play. They hardly put pen to paper, but they maintain their claim of partnership by the fact that, but for their inventive power, there would be no play at all. They stand to their collaborator as the composer who creates the melody but can only strum it on the piano stands to the artisan musician who technically elaborates the score. Sometimes the latter is the real artist of the twain, but it is the melody that makes the market, not the instrumentation. The inner history of collaboration is as fraught with mystery as the secrets of the chancery house. Often a man lends merely his name to an adaptation, because he has a reputation and an outlet, whilst the man who has done the work would never have a dog's chance of production, because he is an unknown quantity. In musical comedy it has occurred that a book written or adapted by a well-known author was found at rehearsal wholly unsuitable, and had to be remoulded entirely by another craftsman. Yet the name of the former for years appeared on every programme, and the real author remained unrevealed. But the *comble* of collaboration oddities was reached when two partners fell out, and one of them issued a writ claiming half the royalties because he had given the play its *title*!—not a title more. That case never came into court, and was actually settled on the "fifty-fifty" basis. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction in the World of the Theatre, as elsewhere.

The Renaissance Theatre announces the following cycle of three French plays for production during its forthcoming winter season. The first of these, Beaumarchais' "The Marriage of Figaro," will be given on Oct. 31 and Nov. 1 (Sunday evening and Monday afternoon), in an entirely new English version made by Sir Barry V. Jackson for the Renaissance Theatre performances. This will be followed on Dec. 5 and 6 by Balzac's "Mercadet," in an English version by Mr. Edward Agate; and the cycle will conclude on Jan. 16 and 17 with the production of De Musset's comedy, "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour." The production of the three plays will be in the hands of Mr. George de Warfaz. Application forms for membership for the cycle may be obtained from Miss Fredman, at the Renaissance Theatre offices, the Adelphi Hotel, Adam Street, Strand (Telephone: Gerrard 8481).

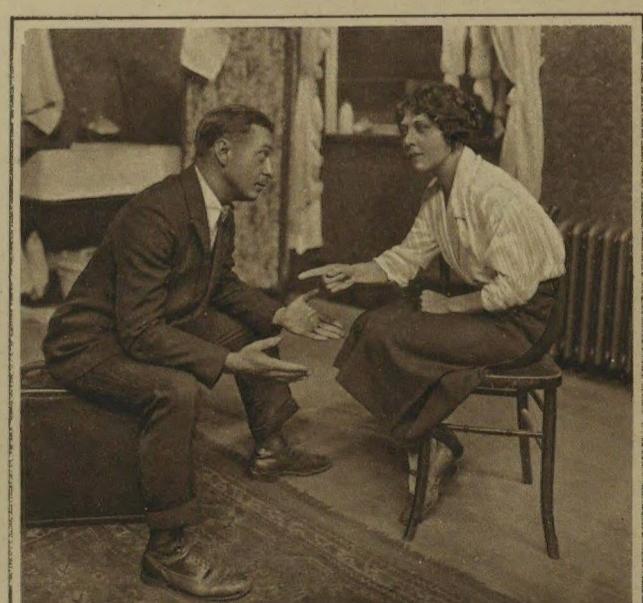


"AFTER DARK," AT THE COMEDY: BOB THE NEWSBOY (MASTER BILLY SPEECHLEY) AND ANTHONY PRATT (MR. HORACE HODGES), EXPECTING A "CAT" BURGLAR, DISCOVER A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS—RACHEL (MISS NORAH ROBINSON).

"After Dark," by J. Jefferson Farjeon, is a comic "thriller" of a type similar to the author's previous play, "No. 17." Strange people arrive and play at cross purposes in the flat of an old gentleman, Anthony Pratt, who has bought a little box containing (unknown to him) a large diamond. First comes Bob the Newsboy to report having seen a "cat" burglar enter the house. Search for the burglar (who turns up later) discloses a damsel in distress.

Photograph by Peter North.

So I kept to my room and noted the temperature above. Gradually it abated, peals of laughter superseded angry shouts. Finally the twain invaded my domain wafting sheets of paper. "We have finished our play" (queer way of doing it, I thought); "we have got the right solution. Our heroine is saved; it is a happy ending. Joseph, my collaborator, had killed her in my absence. Then I (Collaborator I.) appeared on the scene. We had a h— of a row, nearly a fight. I could have killed him for killing her, the heroine. Then we spun a coin: he said, 'Heads—extermination by a revolver shot'; I said, 'Tails—explanation and reconciliation.' Tails won." So did the play. It was



"THE FALL GUY," AT THE APOLLO: JOHNNIE QUINLAN (MR. ERNEST TRUEX) SEATED ON THE FATEFUL SUIT-CASE, IS "HENPECKED" BY HIS ADORING WIFE (MISS BEATRICE NOYES). "The Fall Guy," by James Gleason (of "Is Zat So?" fame) and George Abbott, is an American domestic comedy of humble life in New York, well acted, and rich in humour and pathos. Johnnie Quinlan is the "guy" who "falls for" things too readily—is easily duped. Being out of work, he is persuaded to take charge of a suit-case said to contain whisky, but discovered by the police to contain cocaine.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

# "THE MIKADO" RE-DRESSED: PRINCIPALS IN RICKETTS COSTUMES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.



"A LETTER FROM THE MIKADO! WHAT IN THE WORLD CAN HE HAVE TO SAY TO ME?" KO-KO (MR. HENRY LYTON, CENTRE) WITH POOH-BAH (MR. LEO SHEFFIELD, RIGHT), AND FISH-TUSH (MR. JOHN HUNTINGTON, LEFT).



"PAINT THE PRETTY FACE—DYE THE CORAL LIP": (L. TO R.) PEEP-BO (MISS BEATRICE ELBURN), YUM-YUM (MISS ELSIE GRIFFIN), AND PITTI-SING (MISS AILEEN DAVIES)—THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.



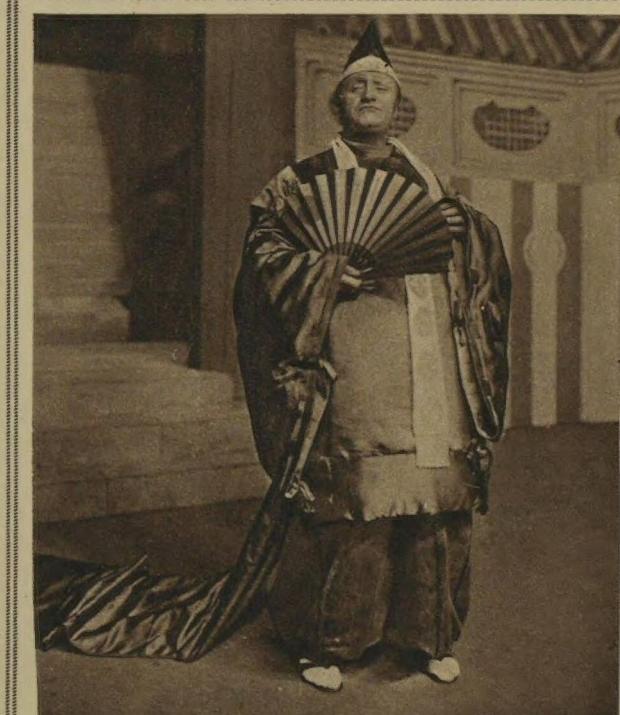
"YOUR REVELS CEASE! ASSIST ME, ALL OF YOU! I CLAIM MY PERJURED LOVER, NANKI-POO!" KATISHA (MISS BERTHA LEWIS), THE MIKADO'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW-ELECT.



"MY OBJECT ALL SUBLIME I SHALL ACHIEVE IN TIME—TO LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME": THE MIKADO (MR. DARRELL FANCOURT) AND HIS ATTENDANTS.



"WHEN A MAN'S AFRAID, A BEAUTIFUL MAID IS A CHEERING SIGHT TO SEE": PITTI-SING (MISS AILEEN DAVIES).



"MY FAMILY PRIDE IS SOMETHING INCONCEIVABLE. I CAN'T HELP IT. I WAS BORN SNEERING": POOH-BAH (MR. LEO SHEFFIELD).



"AH, PRAY MAKE NO MISTAKE, WE ARE NOT SHY; WE'RE VERY WIDE AWAKE, THE MOON AND I": YUM-YUM (MISS ELSIE GRIFFIN).

We have already illustrated, in part, the new setting and costumes designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts, A.R.A., for the latest revival of "The Mikado," which recently opened the Gilbert and Sullivan season at the Princes Theatre. In our issue of September 11 we gave the artist's designs for a number of the dresses, and in that of September 25 we illustrated two scenes, from photographs taken during a performance, showing the general effect. In the above photograph we show some of the principals wearing the new costumes. The innovation marks an important phase in the history of the opera, and has been widely discussed.

Mr. Ricketts himself has explained that the new dresses he has designed belong to a period—about 1720—when the national costume of Japan was especially beautiful. "Katisha's dress," he says, "conforming to the historic mode, is elaborate in the extreme. In my opinion this type of Court dress is one of the most beautiful ever invented." In the costume of the Mikado, which is that of a prince of high rank, Imperial emblems have been omitted in deference to Japanese veneration of the Emperor. The new setting, as a whole, may be said to have added to the interest of the production.



## THE LURE OF THE SEA CRUISE.

By CHARLES W. DOMVILLE-FIFE.

WHEN autumn lays its cool, uncertain finger on Northern Europe, clouding the skies, chilling the wind, and tinging the landscape grey, there comes to most of us an indefinable longing for golden sunshine, south sea breezes, waving palms and scented flowers. It is a new form of the *wanderlust*. We know that countries further south are still in the warm grasp of summer—our public schools at least teach us that; we read of great and luxurious liners taking jolly parties to sapphire seas and palm-fringed beaches, for every newspaper and journal sandwiches these bitter-sweets between its columns of divorce and revolution; we look from the rain-swept street or countryside to some alluring picture which a cunning publicist has arranged to contrast with the gloom around; and, so, year by year, more and more of us succumb to the lure of the sea cruise.

Wherein lies this subtle charm? Is it the change of surroundings and mode of life; the reduction of the labour of travel to the absolute minimum; the substitution of sunlight and warmth for gloom and cold; a riot of tropical colour in the place of monotonous grey; the congenial society of shipboard life; the opportunity either to laze, both mentally and physically, or else join in deck games, gymkhana, dances, sweeps, and swims, according to inclination; the unexpected which meets us at every turn whenever we cross the gangway on to some foreign strand; or the *joie de vivre* produced by the sea breeze, the absence of care, and the freedom which comes of being away from convention, from the bustle and noise of great cities, as one of a party on pleasure bent amid the sunlight and starlight of a distant southern sea?

To those who have not yet experienced the joys of a sea cruise it may seem that recreation of this kind is suitable only for the fortunate few. How erroneous is this impression will be seen from a simple calculation based on practical experience of a variety of sea tours, which shows that this new form of ocean travel, combined as it is with the cuisine of a first-class floating hotel, shipboard amusements, and, in fact, all that is covered by a cruise ticket to almost any part of the world, works out at little more than 2d. a mile. At this rate the pleasure-seeker can go up the mysterious Amazon, round romantic South America, for a cruise among the West Indian islands, circumnavigate the globe, glide round the Mediterranean coast, or enjoy the sunshine of Madeira and the Canary Islands. Mileage at sea is, however, deceptive, and it is better to base one's calculations on £2 or £3 a day, which will be amply sufficient to enable a choice to be made from among the following delightful cruises arranged for the coming autumn and winter months.

### TO THE PALM-FRINGED AMAZON.

One of the most recent discoveries in the ever-widening field of foreign travel is beautiful Amazonia—a tropical paradise of Northern Brazil. For those seeking winter sunshine in a new world of glamour and romance, this amazing region of tropical forests, rivers, lagoons, and islands provides an almost perfect playground, which at present has the added charm of being unspoiled and still veiled in mystery.

The thought uppermost in the minds of many, however, will be that, although Amazonia may be beautiful and fascinating, it is accessible only to the explorer who is prepared to endure both hardship and danger. That is far from being the case. During the wet months of the long English winter—and in summer also—hundreds of people now visit this enchanting region of vivid lights and shades, palm-fringed beaches, wondrous sunsets, sombre forests, queer natives and bright-plumed birds. Contrary to

general belief, the climate is a delightful one, with no extremes of temperature, and bathing is enjoyed throughout the twelve months at Para, the interesting emporium of the lower reaches of this isle-blocked river.

There is a local saying that he who first tastes of the juice of the assai palm will be lured back to



WEST HILL, PEKING: A ROMANTIC SPOT ON THE ITINERARY FOR A WEEK IN CHINA DURING THE GREAT ROUND-THE-WORLD CRUISE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "EMPEROR OF SCOTLAND."

Amazonia again and again. However this may be, anyone in normal health, whether old or young, who is seeking a pleasure cruise off the beaten track, can board a fine Booth liner in the Mersey, travel for a thousand miles up the mysterious Amazon, and return to the starting-point without even having experienced the discomfort of changing cabin! During this unique cruise of 11,800 miles, many of the world's

or golf, with evenings of dancing on the moonlit decks, while the great vessel is crossing a southern sea to the New World.

From Para, for over a thousand miles, the Liverpool liner winds her way through narrow lanes of sunlit flood, between the green walls of the great forest, past curious native pile-dwellings, birds of bright plumage, butterflies, orchids and vast watery fields of the giant Victoria Regia lily. There are days ashore amid all the wonders of the greatest tropical forest in the world. Amazonia has an atmosphere peculiarly its own. It cannot be likened to either the East or the West, and it offers a new experience to the most *blasé* traveller.

### FROM THE WEST INDIES TO EGYPT.

For those who require an even more ambitious cruise, there is the wonderful journey of the new Royal Mail Motor-Liner *Asturias*—22,500 tons of power, beauty, and comfort. Starting from Southampton on New Year's Day, the first port-of-call is New York; then comes the West Indian island of Trinidad, followed by the beautiful bay of Rio de Janeiro. When viewed from the sea, in the glare of the tropical sunlight, the capital of Brazil appears to be a fairy-book city of bright colours nestling amid fantastically shaped, green-covered mountains, and at night it becomes a half-moon of twinkling lights with tall palms silhouetted like black starfish against a luminous blue vault ablaze with stars.

From Rio the way lies south to Santos, the world's coffee port; Montevideo, the charming seaside capital of Uruguay; Buenos Aires, the luxury city of the Argentine; and then across the calm wastes of the South Atlantic, past lonely little Tristan da Cunha (to which a raft will be drifted with gifts and supplies) until at last, after sunny days of idleness or amusement, according to inclination, cloud-wreathed Table Mountain rises out of the azure haze ahead. Here, at Cape Town, on the Riviera of the Southern Hemisphere, nearly a week is spent in sightseeing; then on to Mossel Bay, with its surf-bathing; Port Elizabeth, and beautiful Durban. In the chief port of Natal sufficient time is allowed for a visit to be made to the Victoria Falls and the mysterious ruins of Zimbabwe.

The next thousand miles carry the traveller along the south-east coast of Africa to the Portuguese-Colonial town of Mozambique. At Zanzibar the Moslem world is entered; then comes Mombasa, the gateway of East Africa; Aden, the military stronghold; and Port Sudan, the chief harbour of our Empire in North Africa. Here the ways divide, for the journey to Cairo and Alexandria can be made by Red Sea or Nile Valley. In the latter case much of both Egypt and the Sudan is seen on the way north from Khartum. From Alexandria the *Asturias* carries her fortunate pleasure-seekers across the Mediterranean to Naples, Monaco, Gibraltar, and home, after three-and-a-half months of luxurious sightseeing over more than half the world.

### ALL THE WAY ROUND.

Still more ambitious is the circumnavigation of the globe in the 25,000-ton Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Scotland*. Starting from Southampton in November, 35,907 miles will be traversed, 22 countries visited, and 67 days spent ashore in foreign lands before six months have passed.

From England the great vessel with its globe-trotters crosses the North Atlantic to Quebec, where four days are easily spent in this interesting city of French Canada. After an equal period of time in New York, the South Atlantic is crossed to Madeira and Gibraltar; then the voyage is continued through the Mediterranean

[Continued on Page 672]



UNDER THE SHADOW OF TABLE MOUNTAIN: THE UNION CASTLE LINER "WINDSOR CASTLE," ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT STEAMERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MAIL SERVICE, LEAVING CAPE TOWN.

beauty spots are visited. There is first the Portuguese Riviera, with its violet sunsets and its vine-clad shores. Then comes Madeira, the island of flowers in the calm, azure wastes of the South Atlantic. This is followed by sunny days spent reading, deck-bathing, listening to the ship's orchestra, or playing sea-tennis

## SPORT IN NEW ZEALAND: DIORAMAS AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

BY COURTESY OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE, SOUTH KENSINGTON.



WINTER SPORT  
IN NEW ZEALAND :  
A MODEL OF  
THE SOUTHERN ALPS,  
SOUTH ISLAND,  
SHOWING SKI-ERS  
ON A SNOW SLOPE,  
AND MOUNT COOK  
(12,349 FT.) IN THE  
CENTRE BACKGROUND.



NEW ZEALAND AS "AN  
ANGLER'S PARADISE":  
A MODEL OF TROUT-  
FISHING, THE PREMIER  
SPORT OF THE  
DOMINION, WHERE  
TROUT ARE ABUNDANT  
IN THE MANY RIVERS,  
LAKES, AND SOUNDS,  
RANGING IN WEIGHT  
UP TO 35 LB.



DEER-STALKING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NEW ZEALAND: A MODEL OF THE BEAUTIFUL RAKAIA DISTRICT IN SOUTH ISLAND,  
WHERE A RECORD HEAD OF RED DEER—A 24-POINTER—HAS BEEN SHOT.

The dioramas which are a special feature of the New Zealand Court at the Imperial Institute, where the newly organised galleries were recently reopened, were modelled by highly qualified artists working under experts from New Zealand. All the work was carried out in the studios of the Institute. The model of trout-fishing illustrates the premier sport of the Dominion, which is well called an "Angler's Paradise." Trout and salmon were first acclimatised

in 1868. Now brown Loch Leven rainbow trout are found in great numbers in the many rivers, lakes, and sounds. Trout up to 35 lb. in weight, and salmon up to 35½ lb. have been recorded. The diorama of deer-stalking illustrates another sport where the quarry was not originally indigenous. Red deer were first imported into New Zealand in 1861, and fallow deer, Indian sambhur, and the Canadian moose and wapiti, since acclimatised, are yearly increasing.

## ROUND THE WORLD IN LUXURY AT LITTLE MORE THAN

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY CHARLES W.



THE STORMED ISLE OF CAPRI, ONCE A PLEASURE HAUNT OF TIBERIUS AND OTHER ROMAN EMPERORS; ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS BEAUTY SPOTS IN EUROPE THAT MAY BE SEEN DURING CRUISES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.



THE SOUTHERNMOST TOWN IN THE WORLD: PUERTO AREQUIAS ON THE ANTARCTIC COAST OF PATAGONIA, SHOWING SKATERS, AND THE "BLINK" IN THE SKY FROM POLAR ICE, SEEN DURING A PACIFIC LINE CRUISE.



AT ZANZIBAR, VISITED BY THE R.M.S.P. "ASTURIAS" AND ALSO BY VESSELS OF THE UNION CASTLE LINE: "THE MILESTONE," HEADED WITH THE WORDS, "LONDON 6054 MILES."



THE MAIN STREET OF COLON, WITH A RAILWAY ALONGSIDE: A TOWN AT THE ATLANTIC ENTRANCE OF THE PANAMA CANAL, SEEN DURING A PACIFIC LINE CRUISE ROUND SOUTH AMERICA.



RUINS AT MESSINA, A VESTIGE OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE: A FAMOUS PLACE IN SICILY VISITED BY THE R.M.S.P. LINER "ARCADIAN" DURING HER CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.



PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSES AT SUAKIN: ONE OF THE MANY INTERESTING PLACES TO BE SEEN DURING CRUISES THAT INCLUDE EGYPT.

## TWOPENCE A MILE! THE LURE OF THE SEA CRUISE.

DOMVILLE-FIFE. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 648.)



PANAMA CITY FROM ANCON HILL: AN INTERESTING PLACE NEAR THE PACIFIC ENTRANCE TO THE PANAMA CANAL, VISITED DURING A CRUISE ROUND SOUTH AMERICA IN A PACIFIC LINER.



A GIANT RAFT ON THE AMAZON: HUGE TREE-TRUNKS LASHED TOGETHER AND FORMING A FLOATING "FLOOR" ON THE SURFACE OF THE RIVER—AN INTERESTING SIGHT DURING A BOOTH LINE CRUISE IN AMAZONIA.



AMONG THE WONDERS OF INDIA SEEN DURING A CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE GLOBE IN THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "EMPEROR OF SCOTLAND": THE JAIN TEMPLE AT CALCUTTA.



A RELIC OF "THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE" SEEN DURING A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE IN THE R.M.S.P. "ARCADIAN": THE TEMPLE OF VICTORY AT ATHENS.



THE OPERA HOUSE AT MANAOS, A THOUSAND MILES UP THE AMAZON: A SCENE IN THE HEART OF BRAZIL VISITED DURING A BOOTH LINE CRUISE.



WHERE THE GREAT WORKS OF THE ANCIENT GREEK DRAMA WERE PRODUCED OVER 2000 YEARS AGO: THE THEATRE OF DIONYSOS AT ATHENS, SEEN DURING A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE IN THE R.M.S.P. "ARCADIAN."

Ocean travel as a means of seeing the world is becoming more and more popular, and the "Grand Tour" of to-day, in a spacious and comfortable liner, is a very different thing from what it was in the old days. Many of the great shipping lines cater specially for tourists travelling for pleasure and to gain a knowledge of the world. The wonderful opportunities thus offered are described elsewhere in this number in an article by Mr. Charles W. Domville-Fife, who points out that the cost of such voyages is not prohibitive for people of moderate means. "To those," he writes, "who have not yet experienced the joys of a sea cruise it may seem that recreation of this kind is suitable only for the fortunate few. How erroneous is this impression will be seen from a

simple calculation, based on practical experience of a variety of sea tours, which shows that this new form of ocean travel, combined as it is with the cuisine of a first-class floating hotel, shipboard amusements, and, in fact, all that is covered by a cruise ticket to almost any part of the world, works out at little more than 2d. per mile. The pleasure-seeker can go up the mysterious Amazon, round romantic South America, for a cruise among the West Indian Islands, circumnavigate the globe, glide round the Mediterranean coast, or enjoy the sunshine of Madeira and the Canary Islands. Mileage at sea is, however, deceptive, and it is better to base one's calculations on £2 or £3 a day."

# At the Sign of St. Paul's

*By JOHN OWEN.*

THE other morning I passed the statue of Rowland Hill at St. Martin's-le-Grand with its tribute to him for the boon of penny postage. It is a sight to excite a sense of irony in the mildest. Peel's statue is inscribed: "He gave the People Cheap Bread." After the South African War "F. C. G." suggested that Chamberlain's effigy should read: "He gave the People Cheap Consols." And perhaps a future parodist will offer to some modern Postmaster the tribute that "he gave the people" a two-penny-ha'penny postal system at the same time that he gave them a three-ha'penny postage.

On the other hand, there are rumours of great activity at St. Martin's. Two things are promised: of a third and the most important we are afforded whispers. We are promised remarkable reforms in the London local postal delivery; and we are to have at once operating between London and New York the fastest cable in the world. It will "send" at a rate of five hundred words a minute. This is very fast going. It will be easier than ever for anyone to argue with America as to who won the war. In like manner Australia is to be linked with the Cocos Islands; while we read that the largest cable in the world is being laid in the Pacific by the largest of the cable-laying ships, the *Dominia*.

The third development in Post Office policy, of which as yet there is no more than a hushed whisper, is the return to penny postage. That would atone for all. The Postmaster-Generalship is nearly always the office of the sort of person whose name nobody remembers. If he is a success he is taken out of the Post Office and given promotion, and only then do we begin to identify him. But if a Postmaster-General while in office had the luck to be there when penny postage was given back to us, he would not have to leave to find fame. He would be a living statue, challenging the stone of Rowland Hill himself.

There was a certain schoolboy who, being ordered to write an essay on the postal service, concluded with the impressive admonition, "Never be cruel to postmen." The young humanitarian may have watched the rural postmen bearing burdens, and may then have proposed himself in the character of their Wilberforce; more probably a confused mind sought wildly for some ending on that note of the didactic which he had noticed was so highly favoured by his elders.

But it would appear that somebody is going to be cruel, not only, or perhaps, so much to postmen as to the whole Post Office service. There is to be much speeding-up of letters between one quarter of London and another, and no longer are we to be driven to believe that Hampstead is further from Streatham than the City is from Brighton, or than Oxford Street from Oxford. Ladies behind the counter are to be respectfully requested to regard the forlorn public suing for stamps with more tolerance; and there are hints that it is to be explained to them that the intents of the same public, suspicious as these may appear, are not necessarily criminal. Telegraph-messengers are to be asked to abandon that sense of moral obligation which hitherto has forced them to follow, lest their services should be required, when a fire-engine goes by; and telephone operators are to be urged to refrain in the future from doubling a number and then dividing by three before putting you through. And, finally, provincial postmasters are to be reminded that before the war it was possible to post early in the morning in Leeds a letter addressed to London and to have a reply in Leeds the same day. And this reminder is both for attention and necessary action.

All the same, our Post Office might be a good deal worse. It is so easy to complain. The fact is we are getting a little too sophisticated in our comprehension of the systems by which communications are maintained. We need not go back to the days of beacon signals to discover a time when we had to wait for the truth. Rumour went far in front of fact—which was dilatory indeed.

We are about to welcome a five-hundred-word-a-minute cable. We are apt to forget that, even after the invention of the electric telegraph, messages travelled slowly. It is a curious experience to put down the head-phones after hearing

that agreeable "rattle," as another century would have called him, the Announcer of 2 LO giving us the details of some pleasant little disturbance in South America or Central Africa within a few minutes of its occurrence—and then to dive into the files of a newspaper of sixty-nine years ago and to be confronted with such a legend as this in the issue of Oct. 28, 1857—

## "THE FALL OF DELHI."

"The following telegram was received at the Foreign Office Oct. 25, 4.15 p.m., through the British Vice-Consul at Trieste—

"Alexandria, Oct. 20.—The *Pekin* arrived at Suez yesterday with Bombay dates to the 4th of October. The intelligence brought by the *Nubia* is confirmed. Delhi was completely in our possession on the 20th of September."

So that an event which happened in India on Sept. 20 was only definitely known to the anxious people of England on Oct. 28—five weeks later.

Trace the message for the history of this delay.

her job was done. The cable was laid, and neither continent has had to wait a minute ever since to learn who has knocked out who. Messages to test the working of wire were sent, and then this—

"The Queen congratulates the President on the successful completion of an undertaking which she hopes may serve as an additional bond of union between the United States and England."

The *Great Eastern* was not, by the way, designed as a cable-layer. Her history is as odd as that of any ship ever built. A company was formed and given the title of the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, Ltd. The best engineers were engaged, Brunel among them, and an order was given for the first vessel to Scott, Russell, and Company, of Millwall. It was at first proposed to call the ship the *Leviathan*, because the promoters intended that she should be very easily the largest ship afloat, and these ambitious gentlemen deserve our salute. Their ship, when completed, was not merely the biggest thing at sea, but her record for size was still unbeaten at the end of the century. Even to-day her dimensions make a respectable show against the giants now to be seen in the Mersey or the Solent.

The largest paddle steamer, the *Persian*, built in 1856, was 390 feet long by 45; the largest war steamer was the *Duke of Wellington*, 240 by 60; the largest screw-steamer was the *Himalaya*, 370 by 44; and the *Great Eastern* herself was 680 feet by 83! She was divided into sixty water-tight compartments each 60 feet long. She had six masts and five funnels, and her double hull was built of 30,000 iron plates. Her four cylinders were the largest in the world, and she had paddle wheels as well as screw propellers, being, in fact, a triumph of redundancy.

Well, the ship was built, and everybody got ready to see distances halved across the world. And the ship that was to run so easily to Sydney could not even get out of the dock into the Thames. When thousands had gathered to see her launched, they saw her move but a few inches and then stop dead. A moment later there was an explosion announcing that a drum used for launching had burst, several persons being injured and one killed.

A fortnight later another attempt failed. It was four months before she reached the water, and when she did so she had cost her promoters another £120,000. The ship was finally sold to a new concern. A subscription of supplementary capital was got up, and the public was generous; not least among the givers being the "humble classes," who had achieved this description after dwelling for so many years with the label attached to them of "lower orders"; £50,000 was contributed in sums of £1 to £5 by "domestic servants, costermongers, greengrocers, and labourers."

But when at last she made her first voyage to New York (not Sydney), she who was to carry 4000 passengers carried 36! Her subsequent history was rather on that scale. Her engines were never equal to the demands made on them, and renewals were so costly that she never earned her keep. "The liner she's a lady," but this lady, the grandmother of modern liners, lived beyond her means all her life. On one occasion she was used to carry the troops with which Lord John Russell and his friends made their comic demonstration against Lincoln in Canada in 1861. But her one real service was the laying of the American cable. And at last this poor expensive lady fell on the evilest of days: was purchased by Lewis's, the Liverpool tailors, and for two years was used as a sort of floating fair in the Mersey. When, bought by ship-breakers, she was towed to her last resting-place, she went with rather less than the glory of the *Téméraire*.



The Bishop of Exeter was attacked by the mob and dragged from the north door of old St. Paul's to Cheapside, where he was proclaimed a traitor and beheaded. 1327.



JUST BEFORE HIS ELECTION AS LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: SIR ROWLAND BLADES, M.P. (BAREHEADED) IN THE PROCESSION OF CIVIC DIGNITARIES, CARRYING BOUQUETS, FROM ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY TO THE GUILDHALL.

Alderman Sir Rowland Blades, M.P., was unanimously elected Lord Mayor of London at the Guildhall on September 29. Before the election, the civic dignitaries, carrying bouquets, attended Divine service at the adjoining Church of St. Lawrence Jewry.

Photograph by Aitken.

Delhi falls on Sept. 20. The despatch recording the fact, as well as other occurrences—some of them possibly subsequent to the major event—was sent off to Bombay in time to leave by the *Pekin* on Oct. 4. The ship arrives at Suez on Oct. 19; the news is then hurried across to Alexandria; from thence it is passed on to Trieste. It will be seen that only on the last stages of its journey has it travelled by telegraph.

A Scottish weekly lately told us, of the American cable, that it was first laid in 1866, and that it has been lying ever since. But to say this is rather to reflect on ourselves, for the laying of the cable was a British enterprise and the cable-layer a British ship, the unfortunate *Great Eastern*. An earlier attempt to lay a cable had not succeeded, but on June 30, 1866, the *Great Eastern* sailed from the Medway with the second Atlantic cable on board. The occasion was sufficiently distinguished for the cable-layer to be provided with a convoy, H.M.S. *Adder*, which escorted her to the Nore.

The actual work began at the port of Berehaven, southwest coast of Ireland, and from here the vast vessel—which hitherto, like the old man of Thermopylae, could never do anything properly—must have seen her chance at last. All ships have souls, and this lame giant of the seas must for once have tasted satisfaction. At noon precisely on July 27

## THE ODD SIDE OF THINGS: CURIOUS EVENTS PHOTOGRAPHED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., KEYSTONE, I.B., TOPICAL, AND C.N.



SUGGESTING SAND-YACHTING: A "BOATMOBILE" RACE FOR CHILDREN HELD THE OTHER DAY AT THE INVALIDES, PARIS.



THE "INVISIBLE EYE" CAMERA FOR SNAPSHOTTING THIEVES AT WORK BY DAY OR BY NIGHT: MR. J. E. SEBOLD WITH HIS SECRET APPARATUS FOR BUSINESS AND OTHER BUILDINGS.



TAKEN BY A SECRETED "INVISIBLE-EYE" CAMERA: THE TYPE OF PHOTOGRAPH PRODUCED AT NIGHT WHEN THIEVES BREAK IN TO STEAL—AND SET THE APPARATUS WORKING.



A "RODEO" FEAT OF A VERY UNUSUAL KIND: A QUEBEC GUIDE LEAPS FROM HIS CANOE ON TO THE BACK OF A WILD CARIBOU CROSSING A LAKE.



ANOTHER "RODEO" STUNT: THE GUIDE, HAVING HITCHED A ROPE TO THE ANTLERS OF A CARIBOU, CREATES A "CARIBOU STEAMSHIP."



NOT TO BE BROKEN UP BY A "SCRAP" MERCHANT: REDCAR'S RE-BOUGHT TANK BEING TOWED TO A NEW RESTING-PLACE ON THE SEA-FRONT.

The new thief-identifying device called "The Invisible Eye Camera," is intended for use in banks, post offices, business houses, private houses, and so forth. Briefly, it is a special camera that is secreted on such premises, and is designed to photograph anyone who may break in and get within the range of its lens. It is worked in the daytime by the pressure of a button operated by anyone suspicious of his callers. Once having been set going, the machine continues to take a series of pictures, just as does a cinematograph camera. At night the camera is so linked up with door-knob, safe-dial, drawer-handle,



WHIPPING RAW "RUGGER" MATERIAL INTO SHAPE: A 100-MEN A-SIDE PRACTICE SCRUM AT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY.

and the like, that any interference with such a knob causes it to take a photograph, with the aid of an attached flashlight set off at the same time. The second photograph was taken in a bed-room at 9.30 p.m., by flashlight, and shows the inventor on the bed and also Mr. Schoemaker, Chief of the Chicago Detective Force, and his assistant, Mr. Ryan.—The Tank presented to Redcar was sold to a "scrap" merchant, to be broken up. Some objected, so Lord Zetland bought it, and it has been moved to a new site on the front.—The University of Southern California inaugurated the above line scrum for practice purposes.

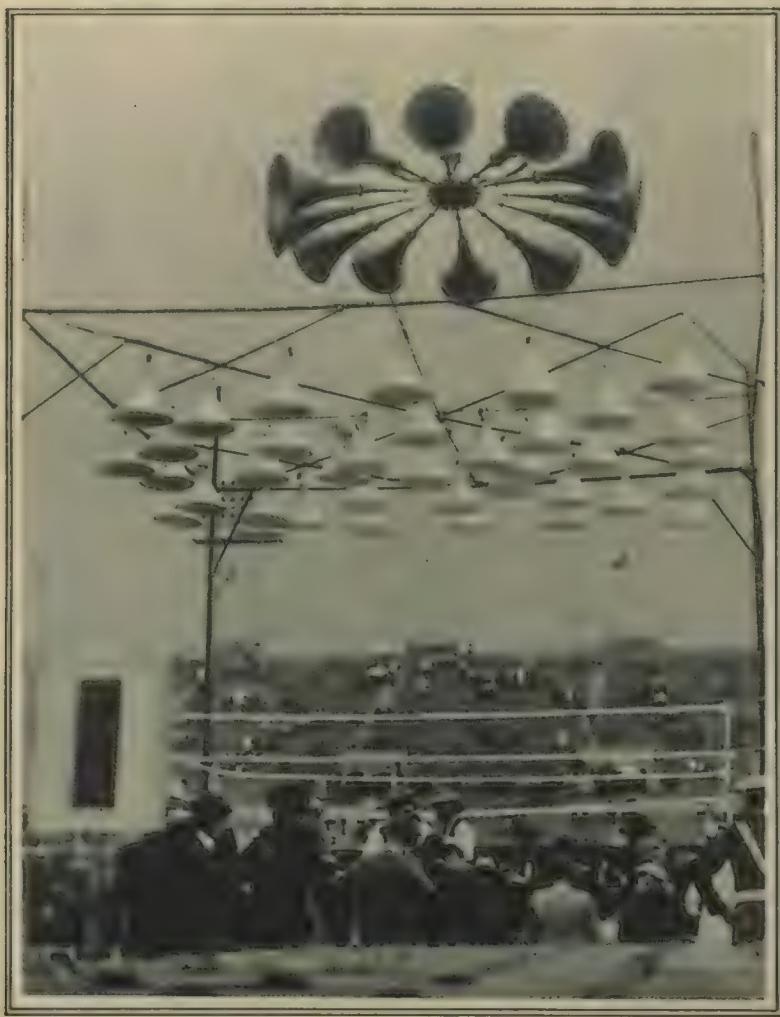
**FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK:**  
**NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.**



"THE ESCAPOLOGIST": MURRAY, "THE AUSTRALIAN HOUDINI," WHO IS SUSPENDED HEAD DOWNWARDS OVER A VESSEL IN THE MEDWAY, AND IMPRISONED IN A STRAIT-JACKET FROM WHICH HE FREES HIMSELF WHILE IN MID-AIR



THE FASTEST FLYING-BOAT OF HER CLASS: THE "BLACKBURN IRIS" IN FLIGHT AT CROMER, IN THE PRESENCE OF SIR SAMUEL HOARE, THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR, LADY MAUD HOARE, AND THEIR SON.



TO ENSURE THE ANNOUNCER'S VOICE BEING HEARD ALL OVER THE STADIUM: AMPLIFIERS OVER THE RING FOR THE DEMPSEY-TUNNEY FIGHT, PHILADELPHIA.

Murray, who is billed as "the Australian Houdini," in allusion, of course, to the famous music-hall artist, long known for his ability to free himself from all sorts of bonds and other forms of confinement, made his débüt in the West End of London at the beginning of this week, at the Coliseum. Incidentally, Murray has coined a new word, for he describes himself as "The Escapologist"!—The "Blackburn Iris" is the latest flying-boat of her class, and her three Rolls-Royce Condor engines develop 2100 horse-power. Her base is the Experimental Seaplane Station of the Air Ministry at Felixstowe. At present, she is a wooden-hulled



THE SURVIVAL OF A CURIOUS ROMANY CUSTOM: BURNING THE CARAVAN AND WORLDLY GOODS OF PLATO BUCKLAND, A CENTENARIAN GIPSY WHO DIED AT MARLOW RECENTLY.

boat with a large biplane superstructure. Her main duties are reconnaissance work with the Fleet; submarine patrol; and the escorting of merchantmen through submarine zones and in coastal waters in time of war.—The amplifiers over the ring for the Dempsey-Tunney fight were placed in position only that the announcer's voice might be heard all over the Stadium. They had nothing to do with the elaborate broadcasting of the sounds of the event.—In accordance with old Romany custom, the caravan of Plato Buckland, a gipsy who died the other day at the reputed age of 102, was burned at Marlow, with his other effects.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., C.N., AND PHOTOPRESS.



A FREAK OF THE FLORIDA HURRICANE: A MOTOR CAR BLOWN FROM ITS POSITION ON THE DISPLAY-FLOOR AND LEFT BALANCED ON A WINDOW-SILL.



SAID TO BE THE FINEST SHOW HELD BY THE KENNEL CLUB FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS: THE SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT A BASKET-MAKER'S SHOP IN THE BOROUGH ROAD: AFTER THE TRAGIC EVENT IN WHICH THREE LOST THEIR LIVES.

The great hurricane which swept over Southern Florida on September 18 and did such destruction in Miami and in other places had, it is hardly necessary to say, many freakish as well as many terrible effects. One of the freaks of the storm is illustrated in our first photograph, and it should be noted that the motor-car see-sawed in the window for a considerable time before it balanced.—At the Kennel Club Show the Lonsdale Challenge Cup for the best dog in the Show was won by Mr. P. E. W. Jones's Airedale terrier Clee Courtier. The prize for the best bitch went to the Maharajah of Patiala's English springer spaniel Champion Inveresk Coronation, which also won the Marples Trophy for the best sporting exhibit, the Kennel Club Champion Cup, and the Champion Choonan Brilliantine



THE MOST REMARKABLE ADVERTISING STATION IN FRANCE COVETED BY A UNITED STATES FIRM: THE ILLUMINATED EIFFEL TOWER.

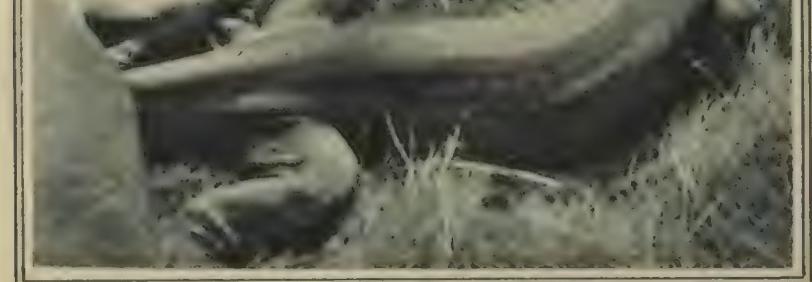
Cup—the last two for the best exhibit in the Show.—A disastrous outbreak of fire occurred on the morning of October 2, in a basket-maker's work-shop in the Borough Road, S.E. Mr. W. T. F. Rooke lost his life while attempting to rescue his wife and six weeks' old daughter, who also perished. Before that he had saved his other two children.—It may be recalled that in our issue of July 25, 1925, we gave a photograph of the Eiffel Tower decorated with lights which grouped themselves at intervals into the letters C-I-T-R-O-E-N, and other designs. It is now understood that a leading United States firm has spent some months in endeavour to purchase the advertising rights on the Tower, which, of course, offers most impressive means of publicity.

## A UNIQUE LION FARM; AND LIVING DESCENDANTS OF DINOSAURS.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1, BY CARVETH WELLS; NOS. 2, 3 AND 4, BY HAMILTON M. WRIGHT, NEW YORK.



1. "THE ONLY LION FARM IN THE WORLD," IN CALIFORNIA: A SPACIOUS ENCLOSURE SURROUNDED BY A PALISADE AND WIRE NETTING IN WHICH ABOUT A HUNDRED LIONS ROAM AT LARGE, "JUST LIKE CHICKENS, AND APPARENTLY JUST AS HARMLESS."



2. RECENTLY PLACED IN THE NEW YORK "ZOO": GIANT MONITOR LIZARDS FROM THE ISLAND OF KOMODO, NEAR JAVA—SHOWING THE POWERFUL SERPENTINE NECK, AND HEAD MORE THAN A FOOT LONG.



3. SAID TO BE THE ONLY SPECIMENS OF THEIR KIND KEPT IN CAPTIVITY: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GIANT MONITORS FROM THE DUTCH EAST INDIES.

We illustrate here two instances of the captivity of animals which are both in their way unique. The top photograph illustrates what is named "The Only Lion Farm in the World." It is in California (the exact locality is not stated) and the owner breeds lions as a hobby in a spacious enclosure. "The lions," writes Mr. Carveth Wells, "play like kittens and enjoy having their backs scratched by the spectators. They are fed on horse meat, six days a week."—Of the two huge lizards from the jungles of Komodo, an island in the Dutch



4. THE NEAREST LIVING DESCENDANTS OF THE MONSTER PREHISTORIC DINOSAURS: THE BIG CARNIVOROUS MONITORS—SHOWING THE CLOVEN TONGUE AND HUGE ARMS.

East Indies, recently placed in the New York "Zoo," Mr. Hamilton Wright says: "They are the nearest living representatives of the giant 60-ft. dinosaurs, and bear a marked resemblance to restorations of the huge saurians. These are the only two in captivity. They are ferocious flesh-eating creatures, and can bolt a whole ham, shake a fawn to pieces, or break a horse's leg with a swipe of their tails. Their species antedates man. Their scientific name is *Varanus Komodoensis*." These great lizards attain a length of fifteen to twenty feet.

## A LONDON "SCAVENGER" OF SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY CAPTAIN BARRETT TALBOT KELLY, M.C., R.I., SHOWN AT THE 1926 EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.



"THE RED KITE (ONCE A COMMON SCAVENGER IN THE STREETS OF LONDON)": BY CAPTAIN BARRETT TALBOT KELLY.

"The term kite" (we read in "The Royal Natural History") "belongs, strictly speaking, only to the common or red kite (*Milvus ictinus*), also known in England as the glead. In Britain the kite is one of those species which has suffered most severely from incessant persecution, having gradually diminished in numbers from the time of Shakespeare, when these birds were to be seen

in numbers on the Thames in London, till the present day, when it is practically extinct in the southern and midland counties, although still lingering in the west and north. . . . Kites are the scavengers of the hawk family, feeding chiefly on refuse and garbage, although also consuming insects, reptiles, and young or feeble birds or mammals."

## A ROYAL "TOURING SHIP": H.M.S. "RENNOWN," TO TAKE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK TO AUSTRALIA.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A. (COPYRIGHTED.)



MEN-OF-WAR OLD AND NEW REFITTING AT PORTSMOUTH: NELSON'S "VICTORY" STILL FLYING THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S FLAG, AND THE BATTLE-CRUISER "RENNOWN."

The battle-cruiser "Renown," which early next year is to carry the Duke and Duchess of York to Australia and New Zealand, recently completed an extensive refit at Portsmouth, in time for her to join the Battle-Cruiser Squadron and take part with the Atlantic Fleet in the naval exercises recently commenced at Cromarty Firth. She will be at work with the Squadron when the Colonial Premier visits the Fleet at the end of this month. Later, she will return to Portsmouth to prepare for the royal tour. The "Renown" and her sister ship, the "Repulse," were originally laid down, in 1914, as battle-ships, but after the Battle of the Falkland Islands the late Lord Fisher, then First Sea Lord, had them redesigned as battle-cruisers. The recently completed refit of

the "Renown," which took nearly three years, and cost £980,000, embodies the subsequent lessons of Jutland in extensive alterations to her armour protection. She is now second only to H.M.S. "Hood," the most powerful and up-to-date battle-cruiser afloat. Mr. Mason's fine water-colour was done while the refit was in progress, and is of special interest as showing in juxtaposition two famous ships of the past and the present under repair together. "Nelson's 'Victory,'" he writes, "is being practically rebuilt, as regards exterior work. Scaffolding surrounds her masts. When the work is completed, the 'Victory' will once more be seen as she was when England's greatest sailor trod her quarter-deck. Meantime, she remains the flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief."

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## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., VANDYK, TOPICAL, ELLIOTT



STATESMEN AS YACHTSMEN: SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN (LEFT) AND SIGNOR MUSSOLINI MEET ON BOARD THE "DOLPHIN" AT LEGHORN.



A LOSS TO INDIA: THE LATE MAHARAJA OF KISHANGARH.



HEAD OF WELL-KNOWN PRINTERS: THE LATE MR. DAVID ALLEN



IN LONDON FOR THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE: GEN. HERTZOG.



TO BE GOVERNOR OF BENGAL? THE HON. F. S. JACKSON.

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

AND FRY, RUSSELL, AITKEN, PHOTOPRESS, AND C.N.



AN ENGLISH GIRL ATHLETE WHO HAS MADE A NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR WOMEN: MISS EDWARDS (R.) WITH MISS WITTMANN, IN PARIS.



A TALL INDIAN DELEGATE TO THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE: THE MAHARAJAH OF BURDWAN WITH HIS TWO SONS IN LONDON.



A NEW SHERIFF OF THE CITY OF LONDON: MR. PERCY VINCENT.

A NEW SHERIFF OF THE CITY: MR. HARRY PERCY SHEPHERD.



THE NEW SOVIET CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES ARRIVING IN LONDON: M. KRASSIN (R.) WITH HIS WIFE (L.) AT VICTORIA.



AN AUSTRALIAN DELEGATE TO THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE ARRIVES: MAJOR-GEN. SIR NEVILLE HOWSE, V.C. (R.); WITH LADY HOWSE (LEFT), SIR JOSEPH COOK, AND DAME MARY COOK (SECOND FROM RIGHT).



THE HEROES OF THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN FLIGHT: SIR ALAN COBHAM (CENTRE) WITH HIS MECHANICS, SERGEANT WARD (RIGHT) AND MR. CAPEL, ON THE TERRACE AT WESTMINSTER.

Sir Austen Chamberlain recently spent a fortnight cruising in the Mediterranean in Sir Warden Chilcot's yacht "Dolphin." At Leghorn on September 30 Signor Mussolini came aboard and conversed with Sir Austen for about two hours.—The Maharaja of Kishangarh was the seventeenth ruler of a Rajput State founded in Akbar's time. He served in France with the Indian forces.—General Hertzog, Premier of South Africa, arrived in London on October 4 for the Imperial Conference. One of the Indian delegates is Sir Bijay Chand Mahtab, Maharajah of Burdwan. The first Australian delegate to arrive was Major-General Sir Neville Howse, V.C., Commonwealth Minister of Defence and Health.—Mr. David Allen was chairman of the well-known bill-posting business of David

Allen and Sons, and head of the Dublin branch of Allen's printing business.—It was reported recently that Colonel the Hon. F. S. Jackson is retiring from the post of Chairman of the Conservative Party and will probably succeed Lord Lytton as Governor of Bengal.—Miss Edwards won the 200-metres race in 26 seconds, a world's record for women, at the recent international meeting in Paris.—The new City Sheriffs were lately admitted to office at the Guildhall.—The Earl of Clarendon, Under Secretary for the Dominions, is mentioned as the prospective Chairman of the new official Broadcasting Corporation.—M. Krassin, who is again in London, as Soviet Chargé d'Affaires, has taken up his quarters at Chesham House.—Sir Alan Cobham's knighthood was announced on October 5.

## FROM FAR AND NEAR: INTERESTING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPOTN AND  
GENERAL, TOPICAL, AND C.N.

EMBEDDED IN MUD BROUGHT DOWN BY AN AVALANCHE ON THE DENT DU MIDI: AN ELECTRIC TRAIN ON THE SIMPLON RAILWAY IN SWITZERLAND, WHERE THE LINE WAS BLOCKED.



THE DOIRAN MEMORIAL UNVEILED: A MONUMENT TO MORE THAN 10,000 BRITISH OFFICERS AND MEN WHO FELL IN SERBIA AND MACEDONIA.



THE EFFECT OF A GREAT LANDSLIDE FROM ONE OF THE PEAKS OF THE CIME DE L'EST: (D) THE OLD COURSE; (E) THE NEW COURSE; (C) THE SIMPLON RAILWAY.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF RECENT NEWS.

GENERAL, TOPICAL, AND C.N.



THE RHONE'S COURSE CHANGED BY AN AVALANCHE NEAR BAINS-DE-LAVEY: THE RIVER OVERFLOWING ITS RIGHT BANK AND CUTTING ACROSS A ROAD.



TO BE UNVEILED BY MRS. BOTHA: THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEMORIAL IN DELVILLE WOOD—SHOWING THE CROSS OF SACRIFICE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL ARCH IN THE BACKGROUND.



LONDON CATHOLICS CELEBRATE THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI: A SOLEMN HIGH MASS IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL—SHOWING CARDINAL BOURNE SEATED ON HIS THRONE (LEFT BACKGROUND).



THE CIVIC WEEK IN MANCHESTER: A REVIEW OF WHEN THE LORD MAYOR AND



POLICE IN ALBERT SQUARE ON THE OPENING DAY,



A CEREMONY WHICH THE EMIR FEISAL, THE VICEROY OF MECCA, WAS FORBIDDEN BY HIS FATHER TO PERFORM: LONDON'S FIRST MOSQUE OPENED BY THE KHAN BAHDUR (WITH KEY)—SHOWING THE IMAM TO THE RIGHT OF DOOR.

Deirn, overlooking Lake Doiran and the Struma Valley, was unveiled on September 25 by General Sir George Macdonagh. It commemorates 418 officers and 10,252 other ranks who died in Serbia and Macedonia during the Great War. The architect was Sir Robert Lorimer, A.R.A. A Naval Guard of Honour was supplied by H.M.S. "Resolution" at Salonika. It was stated that Mrs. Botha would unveil the South African War Memorial at Delville Wood on October 10, after General Hertzog had accepted the monument in trust for the people of South Africa. The seventh centenary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi was celebrated in Westminster Cathedral on October 4, when Cardinal Bourne sang Solemn High Mass in the presence of the Metropolitan Chapter. The Manchester Civic Week began on October 2, with a formal opening ceremony in Albert Square. The celebrations included a historical pageant and pageants of industry, a transport parade, and a textile exhibition. The Emir Feisal, son of Sultan Ibn Saud of the Hejaz, was at the last moment forbidden by his father to open the new Mosque at Southfields. The ceremony was performed by Khan Bahadur Sheik Abdul Qadir, formerly President of the Punjab Legislative Council.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

**A**RT and crafts—travel and topography, recreations and hobbies—these are the subject qualifications for which I have “picked my team” (if it is not too late to use a cricket metaphor) for this week’s “test” of new books.

It is a noticeable feature of modern publishing that the finest resources of book-production are applied not so much to new creative literature as to informative or appreciative works, more especially, as is right and proper, to volumes whose *raison d'être* is to be found in their illustrations. New novels, poems, or essays, which may, or may not, be destined to immortality, appear as a rule in the plainest bindings, while a catalogue may issue forth in raiment that recalls the glory of Solomon. There are catalogues and catalogues, however, and all depends on the nature of the articles enumerated. There is a difference between domestic groceries and the precious wares of ancient China.

One of the most magnificent examples of the book-producer's craft that I have yet seen is Volume III. of the “CATALOGUE OF THE GEORGE EUMORPOULOS COLLECTION OF CHINESE, COREAN, AND PERSIAN POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.” From the T'ang to the Ming Dynasty—Chün, Ting, and Tz'u Chou Wares,” by R. L. Hobson, Keeper of the Department of Ceramics and Ethnology, British Museum (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; £12 12s. net).

Of the 725 numbered copies of the Catalogue, printed on Van Gelder mould-made paper, 660 are for sale. There are also thirty numbered copies on Batchelor's Kelmscott hand-made paper, of which twenty-five are for sale. The cover is like a slab from Tutankhamen's golden shrine, flanked with narrow bands of black—splendour and simplicity combined. The seventy-five plates, illustrating a much larger number of lovely old vases, in colour and collotype, are the last word in beauty of reproduction.

This monumental work is, of course, designed for the connoisseur, and its technicalities would be “caviar to the general,” although anyone with eyes can appreciate the exquisite contours and colouring of the Chinese pottery in the illustrations. It is in keeping with the book's purpose, no doubt, that Mr. Hobson's letterpress is strictly explanatory and historical; he allows himself no raptures of admiration. His arrangement of the contents is very convenient for reference. The three periods covered are each given a separate section, introduced by a general survey, followed by short descriptions in detail of every object represented in the illustrations and numbered to correspond with them. The plates are all placed together at the end.

Having reverently restored the golden book to its protective sarcophagus, I am left with the general impression of something strangely appropriate in the name Eumorfopoulos, signifying (if I interpret aright the doctrines of Liddell and Scott) one who has to do with things of beautiful form, one who accepts the doctrine taught in the first line of “Endymion.” I may add that a companion volume of equal splendour is promised containing the catalogue of the “superb and in some cases unique” Chinese frescoes recently acquired by Mr. George Eumorfopoulos, and at present in course of erection at the British Museum.

Beautiful illustrations, in colour and otherwise, are combined with literary charm in “LOST LONDON,” Being a Description of Landmarks which have disappeared pictured by J. Crowther circa 1879-87 and described by E. Beresford Chancellor (Printed at the Chiswick Press for Constable and Co., Ltd., and Houghton Mifflin Co.; £3 3s. net). Of the sixty full-page illustrations, twenty-four are in full colour and the rest in monochrome collotype. Explaining the origin and scheme of the book, the author says: “The late Sir C. E. H. Chadwyck-Healey employed an artist, J. Crowther, to make water-colour drawings of such features and landmarks through London as seemed likely to become before long a prey to the necessities for improvement and development. Crowther produced with indefatigable zeal a vast number of these.” Hence the present selection. It is not stated where the rest are, but it is to be hoped they will not be allowed to languish in oblivion.

What Mr. Beresford Chancellor does not know about London, past and present, is not knowledge, and he has performed a congenial task with evident enjoyment and delightful results. His method has been to make a “peregrination” from Chelsea to the Strand, and back by way

of the Borough and Stockwell and Battersea Bridge. This plan has enabled him to “enlarge on each subject and also to touch on others germane to the matter,” and while he rambles on he gives generously from his store of memories, anecdotes, and biographical knowledge. As a Londoner old enough to remember many of his lost “landmarks,” I find his work literally enchanting, for it carries me back, like the wave of a magic wand, into the London of my youth. It sets me wondering which of my old books I bought in Holywell Street: one could loiter more peacefully there over the second-hand boxes than one can to-day on the crowded pavement of Charing Cross Road.

A little coincidence happened to me in connection with Mr. Chancellor's book. When I first opened it, I had just returned from a Sunday walk from the village of Bloomsbury (as Mr. Chesterton might put it) to the neighbouring hamlet of Clerkenwell, through the intervening valley of King's Cross Road. During this “peregrination” I observed for the first time a building named Spa Fields Chapel, with a granite obelisk inscribed to Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. Directly I opened the book I lit on an account of the original Spa Fields Chapel (of which I had never heard before) together with a drawing thereof.

At this point I am pulled up short by the reflection that I have nine more books to notice, and less than a thousand words left to do it in. A change of scale is indicated. It is all too small a scale to do justice to such an interesting work as “PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTE RODIN,” by Anthony M. Ludovici, with illustrations (John Murray; 10s. 6d. net). Mr. Ludovici was Rodin's private secretary

M.A. (Methuen; 6s. net).

The author, who is Fellow and History Tutor at Somerville College, Oxford, deals ably with a very complicated subject, and in conclusion commends the political wisdom of the Swiss, who “admitted the democratic principle as the basis of their federal policy,” and were thus able to resist the rise of absolutism and the land hunger of the Great Powers, which destroyed the liberties of the cities of Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands.

Popular impressions of Italian life, with a dash of ancient history, are given in a diminutive travel book, “THINGS SEEN IN ROME,” by Albert G. Mackinnon, M.A. (Seeley Service; cloth, 3s. 6d.; leather, 5s. net). To the same series belongs “THINGS SEEN IN NORWAY,” by S. C. Hammer. These little books are pleasantly written and well illustrated. They also have one very distinct advantage, from the tourist's point of view, over bulkier tomes, for they slip easily into the pocket.

Scenes of travel and history “off the beaten track” are described in “MAURESQUES,” with some Basque and Spanish Cameos, by C. P. Hawkes; with twenty-one illustrations (Methuen; 8s. 6d. net). In acknowledging permission to reprint some of his literary sketches, the author mentions this paper, and I fancy the chapter which appeared in these pages was that on the Berbers, called “The White Men of Barbary.” Mr. Hawkes's book is divided into three parts, dealing respectively with Northern Africa, Spain, and the Basque country. He wields a picturesque and humorous pen, and has the faculty of conveying impressively little-known facts of history, as in his allusion to Selene, the daughter of Antony and Cleopatra. Of topical interest just now is the story of Britain's abandonment of Tangier, due in part, it seems, to the circumstance that the Merry Monarch was among the gentlemen who “prefer blondes.” Mr. Secretary Pepys, we learn, who was then in charge of the Admiralty, rather welcomed the British withdrawal from a town where he had been “infinitely bitten by cinches.”

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I arrive now at a pair of books whose purpose is to aid and abet the popular appreciation of music, in the home and at the opera. “MUSIC AND THE GRAMOPHONE,” and some Masterpiece Recordings (published for the Gramophone (Publications), Ltd., by George Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d. net), contains “a collection of historical, biographical and analytical notes, and data of a generally interesting nature, concerning musical works of importance completely recorded for the gramophone.” The compiler, Mr. H. L. Wilson, has here done for the gramophone very much what has been done for the pianola in the new rolls published by the Aeolian Company. His well-written book will, I think, be welcomed by gramophone-owners and add greatly to their interest and enjoyment. Humour is not wanting in it, and I like especially the passage about the tunefulness of Mr. Gustav Holst's music, which set some charwomen dancing at a private performance of “The Planets” in Queen's Hall.

Help of the same sort is provided for the opera-goer in “MORE STORIES OF FAMOUS OPERAS,” retold by Mrs. Stanley Wrench; illustrated by T. Peddie (Pearson; 3s. 6d. net). In this book, which is supplementary to the author's previous work, “Stories of Famous Operas,” the object is, of course, to explain the plot rather than the music, but each story is prefaced by a short biographical note on the composer. A knowledge of the plot certainly helps towards enjoyment of operatic music, and these two useful little books include most of the operas commonly given in London.

The “last man” in my “eleven” of books, appropriately enough, is “COLLINS'S MEN,” by A. E. R. Gilligan, Captain of the England XI., 1924-5, and member of the English Selection Committee, 1926. With twenty-four photographs (Arrowsmith; 7s. 6d. net). Mr. Gilligan begins with a personal tribute to Mr. H. L. Collins, as “perhaps the best living captain,” and discusses this year's Test Matches, and the Australians generally, in a manner that will score heavily among the devotees of cricket. One chapter recalls to me a golden afternoon at Lord's last June, watching Bardsley's stubborn innings. “Jove grant me more such afternoons as this!” C. E. B.



LORD MILNER'S OLD HOME PRESENTED TO KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY: STURRY COURT, WHICH THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY WAS UNABLE TO ACCEPT.

The Dean of Canterbury recently announced that “Sturry Court, the country home, two miles from Canterbury Cathedral, where Lord Milner lived for the last nineteen years of his life, has just been presented by Lady Milner as a free gift to the King's School. The house itself goes back to the time of James I., and occupies a site which from the days of King Ethelbert to the reign of Henry VIII. belonged to St. Augustine's Monastery, Canterbury. . . . After necessary alterations . . . the Junior (or Preparatory) Department of the King's School will be moved from the Precincts of the Cathedral to Sturry Court.” Lady Milner had previously offered the house and gardens to the Royal Horticultural Society, but the gift was declined as not legally within the objects of the Society's foundation. —[Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.]

at Meudon in 1906, and, after a concise general sketch of his career, he devotes the bulk of his book to intimate personal reminiscences and an estimate of Rodin's place in art. His tribute is all the more sincere and valuable, I think, from the fact that personally he did not quite “hit off” with his employer, though they parted good friends.

Summing up Rodin, Mr. Ludovici says: “Rather than call him the sculptor of Impressionism . . . I should prefer to class him as a mediaevalistic reactionary.” The art movements that followed the revolt from academic tradition are also discussed in an attractive book of travel impressions, “AN ARTIST IN ITALY,” by Maxwell Armfield; with sixteen illustrations in colour by the author (Methuen; 15s. net). The names of Van Gogh and Whistler, for instance, afford links of comparison between Mr. Ludovici and Mr. Armfield. The latter, however, is as much concerned with places as with personalities. His work, both with brush and pen, is vivid and original. He is not servile to the great, either among men or cities, and will criticise Rome and Venice, Raphael and Michael Angelo.

Political rather than artistic Italy (along with Germany and Switzerland) supplies the background of “THE MEDIEVAL CITY STATE,” An Essay on Tyranny and Federation in the Later Middle Ages, by M. V. Clarke,

## HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XXVIII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)

*Having regained the coveted seat—**—he is determined—**—never again to vacate it.**But he finds he is unable to resist—**—the lure of a meal-worm, placed in his tin by his keeper.**It was noticed, however, that he kept one foot on his perch, claiming possession, lest the usurper, Potto, should again annex it.**No more meal worms being offered, he drew himself back to his seat**And his attitude plainly indicated that he did not wish to be again disturbed.  
J. A. S.*

## WHY THE SLENDER LORIS DOES THE SPLITS.

The Slender Loris and Bosman's Potto—both nocturnal beasties—are co-eagers in the Rodents' House. One night the Slender Loris left his favourite perch to seek his supper. On his return he found Potto installed there—fixed, immovable. After many days Loris regained his seat, and, tightly rolling himself up in a ball, apparently never leaves it. Curious to see this plump and cosy-looking ball unwind, we called its keeper. The lure was a meal-worm dropped into its tin, and the Loris slowly revealed a long, emaciated body. Coming to the ground by doing the "splits," he took his meal-worm meal,

retaining his seat by one hind-foot. Potto accepts the hint and does not transgress. We suggested to the keeper that the Loris left his hind-foot on the perch to keep Potto from again rushing his claim, but the argument was dismissed with an indulgent smile, the keeper adding that it was their 'abit and 'obby clinging to branches—nothing more! Another of our observations on the intelligence of animal life gone west! Slender Loris make gentle and affectionate pets, but, being strictly nocturnal, are only suitable for the insomniacs.

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

PRINCESS MARY has never been inundated, like the Prince of Wales, with requests to attend more public dinners than there are nights for in the year. It is, indeed, rare for royal ladies to attend public dinners or luncheons. Those are still more the affairs of men. The public duties that the Princess carries out have usually one or more of three objects: to encourage an important social work, as she will do when she visits the Women's Institute Exhibition in Leeds; to recognise the generosity and hard work which have enabled a new building to be opened; or to make the unveiling of a memorial more memorable to the townsfolk.

Duties such as these have fallen so frequently to her lot during the last two months that people begin to think Princess Mary has not had an adequate summer holiday. She has certainly been busier than any other member of the Royal Family, and these visits which she has so cheerfully undertaken have involved a great deal of travelling, for she has covered wide distances in Scotland and the North of England. It seems that the Princess is absorbed in the interests of her own country, and happier here than she would be anywhere else. While her brothers and her cousins have between them been to nearly every part of the world, and Princess Mary has

are full of the zest of travel, very seldom left our shores, and then for only brief visits.

AN ENERGETIC M.P.: THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL.  
Photograph by Lafaycite.



The interest with which most women have read of Lady Maud Hoare's great scheme for flying to India in the New Year, has been untouched with any feeling of envy. Mrs. Cobham, who so bravely endured long anxiety during her husband's great flights, probably feels, on the other hand, that Lady Maud is very fortunate to have the chance of accompanying Sir Samuel Hoare on his trial journey in an air-liner, and that will be Lady Maud's own view.

Lady Maud Hoare lives in Chelsea, the constituency which Sir Samuel has represented for sixteen years, and she is as popular as he. The wife of a Conservative Minister, she has friends in both political camps, for Lord Beauchamp, one of the mainstays of Liberalism in the Lords, is her brother. Lady Mary Trefusis and Lady Ampthill are her sisters.

TO FLY TO INDIA NEXT YEAR:  
LADY MAUD HOARE.  
Photograph by Arbutnott.



The Duchess of Atholl had plenty to do in London when she came down for the Emergency Session. She found time on Monday for a hurried visit to the Imperial Institute to see the way the galleries have been rearranged and brightened, and she attended a meeting in the hall there next day, when a thousand head teachers gathered by invitation to hear why the school-children should be brought to see this "little Wembley." In her speech, she explained why the Board of Education sets its face against

suggestions for special propaganda in schools. There is not time, she said, for giving the children lessons on such useful subjects as Safety First, or on keeping the parks free from litter, but it was important that they should learn what the galleries at the Institute can teach them about the Empire and its resources. The Duchess, of course, knows more about the Empire than most Members of Parliament do. Many years ago she spent two years in South Africa, where she was immensely admired, and her recent visit to Canada, which interested her enormously, has convinced her that the Dominion has a great future.

The Duchess has learned a good deal about public speaking during her term of office. She now speaks with more facility and confidence, though she retains some of her mannerisms—the odd little facial movement, the gestures with her hands which are nervous rather than illustrative, and the trick of emphasising every second or third word till she comes to a sentence along which she can rush. And she has not yet learned the difference between the written and the spoken word, so she plunges bravely into sentences as long and as involved as those of Mr. Bernard Shaw. But, unlike him, she never loses sight of the end, so she emerges triumphantly from the forest of little clauses.

Like those two successful authors, Lady Gwendolen Cecil—whose life of her father, Lord Salisbury, has made people eager to read the supplementary volume on which she is still engaged—and Lady Rhondda, who took infinite pains over her life of the man who succeeded in rationing the nation's food supply, Lady Londonderry has written the life of her father, Lord Chaplin. She has secured the help and advice of distinguished writers in what must have been a fascinating task. Her great difficulty would be to know what to select from the records of a life covering such a long and changing period, and intertwined with the lives of so many interesting people. One thing she will not be able to express is the pride that Lord Chaplin took in her and her achievements.

Lady Londonderry has qualities that would have made her a leader in any rank of life, and she has made full use of the opportunities of her position. Deeply interested in political and social affairs, she has a practical mind, and understands the importance of things that other people might consider trivial. It was she, for instance, who first realised soon after the outbreak of war that the small girls who were doing the work hitherto done by boys in Government departments, as Post Office messengers and so on, should be put into uniform. That was why, presently, one saw hosts of trim little messenger girls in outdoor uniform or indoor overalls. Her organising ability made such a success of the Women's Legion, with its well-trained women, that the Services were encouraged at last to establish the women's auxiliary branches. With her other varied interests, Lady Londonderry has never neglected the social side. Her great political receptions at Londonderry House—which she turned into a hospital during the war—are among the chief events of the London season.

It looks now as if the Duchess of York would be able to give the women of Australia and New Zealand quite a good account of the Central Club for Girls, of whose committee she has been President for two years. A site has been bought at the corner of Tottenham Court Road and New Oxford Street, and now plans for building the club, with its gymnasium, swimming bath, restaurant, and recreation rooms, can go ahead. There is probably no other enterprise of the kind in which so great a number of influential people take an active interest. Mrs. Baldwin, who is one of its strongest supporters, attended a luncheon given last week to celebrate the purchase of the site,

and afterwards went to inspect the ground and learn exactly where the building was to stand. She had an odd experience, for while she was considering the dream of a spacious club, she spied in a corner of the vacant land one of the tiniest homes in the country, a caravan connected with the amusement centre known as Luna Park, that has dwindled away during recent months. She talked with the children sitting on the caravan steps, and then paid a visit to the owner of the caravan, who showed her the arrangements of the snug little home, with everything as compact and convenient as a liner's cabin.

OBLIGED TO RETURN FROM KENYA OWING TO ILL-HEALTH: THE HON. LADY GRIGG.

Photograph by Yevonde.

The fact that she is obliged through ill-health to return from Kenya, where her husband, Sir Edward Grigg, has only served part of his term as Governor, will be a severe disappointment to Lady Grigg. Lady Grigg, who before her marriage was the Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder, is the only child of Lord and Lady Islington, and she spent two years of her early girlhood in New Zealand, when her father was Governor of the Dominion. They returned to England two years before the war, and before she had really grown up Miss Dickson-Poynder was nursing the wounded in Lady Ridley's hospital, and giving what leisure she had to the various schemes for raising money for the Red Cross, and so on, that were initiated by the girls of her set. After the war she interested herself in friendless children, to several of whom she became a sort of fairy godmother. When she returns to England with her little son, Lady Grigg will stay for a time with her mother, Lady Islington, at Rushbrooke Hall.

A love of strange adventure in beautiful but most uncomfortable and inconvenient corners of the world has lured Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt away from London once more back to the South Seas.

Those who heard her tell a few of her adventures when she returned from her last trip, little more than a year ago, will be glad, in one way, that she is continuing her extraordinary travels, for she writes in a very vivid way, and stay-at-homes can get the benefit of her experiences without the discomfort and danger. It is much pleasanter to hear her account of a journey through the lonely forests of New Guinea, under the escort of a party of murderers released from prison for that purpose, than to travel under such conditions oneself. Mrs. Mordaunt was well pleased with her primitive carriers, even when, as she told her friends, they gratified their childish vanity by showing her just how they had committed the murders.



AN AUTHORESS WHO IS FOND OF TRAVEL: MRS. ELINOR MORDAUNT  
Photograph by Hoppe.



FURNIVALL

## View—Close up—This Vast Dramatic Spectacle of all Ages

*nobles and slaves—ladies and peasants, soldiers and priests—kings and buccaneers, scheming, fighting—pursuing, escaping.*

**K**NOW human nature at its greatest moments! Know the romantic characters of history! They were people like ourselves. Some were great, some vicious, some insignificant. But all people who, in innocence or design, made history. History is adventure, romance, inspiration. It throbs with life. It is made up of the intimate stories of men and women of the past. You meet all kinds. Some you like, some you hate, some you admire, some you envy.

A queen pawns her jewels that Columbus might set sail, and America is discovered.

Because the island of Corsica is held by the French Napoleon becomes the scourge of Europe instead of an unsung bandit.

An ignorant, clever, greedy little woman wins the affections of Louis XV. Her extravagant tastes almost beggar the French people and stir up unrest which culminates later in the French Revolution—Antoinette Poisson who became Marquise de Pompadour.

Von Moltke sends an inferior staff officer to one of the wings of his army which is victoriously advancing on Paris. The orders he issues turn the first battle of the Marne into a French victory and alter the outcome of the greatest war in history.

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You fight shoulder to shoulder with the Greeks at Thermopylae, with Charles Martel at Tours, and with the Old Contemptibles at Mons. You watch Alfred building the British Navy, sup at the gorgeous revels of the Borgias, attend the great Catherine on her

amazing progress through the frozen wilds of Russia.

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Alcibiades, the Greek demagogue, lures a city's defenders by his oratory while soldiers creep in at unguarded gates...

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HISTORY OF THE WORLD



## Fantasies for the Evening.

It is a poor heart which will not rejoice in choosing new evening frocks this season. True, there

may be nothing new in the silhouette, but there is infinite variety—and imagination—in the mode of decoration. One lovely frock of black velvet boasts embroidered coq's feathers at the shoulder and sweeping down the back, carried out in lovely coloured silks lightly flecked with diamanté; and another has the front of the décolletage cut out and crossed with jewelled straps which match the bracelets worn on the arm. Many frocks have shoulder draperies which join at the end, forming amusing little square trains, and one has a small cape slung from the shoulder and caught in at the waist to form the fashionable pouched back. Scarf draperies of black lace and net falling from the shoulders of frocks in all shades of rose are much in evidence, sometimes attached to the dress, and otherwise slanting across to one shoulder, caught with a lovely spray of flowers. Jewellery forming part of the frock is another vogue which is very decorative.

## The Use of Jewelled Embroideries.

Sparkling embroideries of diamanté are introduced in many original ways. One evening frock of gold lace has the pattern embroidered unexpectedly here and there with diamanté; and the long tight sleeves, another innovation, are completed with long mitten cuff embroidery falling over the hand. Then there are turbans sewn with jewels for really important occasions, and some are completed also with long sweeping paradise feathers. A new kind of sequin, long and thin, has made its début, and is attached only at one end, so that it looks used *en masse*, like row upon row of tiny fringe. One striking evening frock I have seen has the corsage of these and the flounced skirt of the circular variety. White and black is always an effective alliance, and it is hard to choose between crystal beads on black velvet or black beads on white. The loveliest frocks illustrating many happy alliances of this kind are worn by the chorus in "Merely Molly," at the Adelphi Theatre.

**Inexpensive Matrons' Frocks.** There is always a prize to be captured at Gamage's, Holborn, E.C., and not the least is the useful, well-cut frock pictured above of black repp trimmed with grey, costing only £2 2s. Another practical coat-frock of checked woollen cloth with a pleated skirt can be obtained for 29s. 6d. in many colour schemes. Really well-tailored coats and skirts, single, double breasted, or with a link button, may be obtained in several sizes from £5 5s. The coats are satin lined, and are of autumn weight suitings. Winter coats, fur-trimmed, can be secured from 35s. upwards; those of velour trimmed with French mole are 4½ guineas, and of facecloth collared with mole 5½ guineas, lined with crêpe-de-Chine. For school-children, Gamage's is always a Mecca of practical and inexpensive clothes indispensable to their equipment. The strong brown waterproof pictured on this page is, for

instance, obtainable from 13s. 11d., size 24 in.; and the blue repp frock is 31s. 11d., size 26 in. The serge kilties range from 7s. 11d., size 24 in., and warm wool jerseys gaily patterned all over are 19s. 9d. There are school blazers in navy, green, or brown to be secured for 14s. 6d.; and navy school coats are from 28s. 6d., size 24 in.

## Evening Frocks in Small Sizes.

For years the woman with a petite figure found it almost an impossibility to procure ready-to-wear frocks which fitted her perfectly. To-day, however, there is a special department at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, W., devoted to her needs. Pictured below are a trio of delightful models from this salon. The taffeta picture frock, a study in mauve and cyclamen, can be secured for 9os.; and 6½ guineas

# Fashions & Fancies

DAME FASHION EMBROIDERS WITH GREAT INDUSTRY ON EVENING FROCKS AND WRAPS, EMPLOYING JEWELLED THREADS AND A SEQUIN NEEDLE TO ILLUSTRATE HER INTRICATE DESIGNS.

is the price of the black georgette frock with the fashionable cape back. In the centre is a coat of black velvet with fur collar and cuffs, price 7½ guineas. There are simple evening frocks to be obtained from the modest sum of 50s. upwards in crêpe-de-Chine, georgette, and taffeta; and reversible evening cloaks in black velveteen and coloured charmeuse are 70s. For the daytime there are winter coats innumerable, ranging from 60s. upwards, in velour trimmed with fur. A distinctive model in facecloth with the fashionable pouched back is 7½ guineas; and one in chenille velvet, a fascinating new material, is 9½ guineas.

## New Two-Piece Suits for 6½ Guineas.

It is an established fact that the two-piece suit will play a prominent part in the new autumn modes, and Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., are making a special feature of new autumn models for 6½ guineas. They are carried out in fine suiting in the latest colours, the long tailored coat lined with silk serge, and the frock made in front with a jumper suit effect, and a pleated skirt. Another splendid bargain at 6½ guineas is a perfectly tailored coat and skirt of Saxony suiting, the skirt introducing box pleats in the front, and the coat fastened with neat vandyks.



In the small women's salon at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, W., was sketched this attractive trio. Taffeta in mauve and cyclamen expresses the picture frock on the left; black georgette that on the right; introducing the fashionable pouched back, and in the centre is a coat of black velvet trimmed with fur following the straight silhouette.

## ALL FOR ABDULLAS



### HOME LIFE

Even Victor the Crook and his Vamp of a Wife  
Have occasional yearnings for quiet Home life,  
Such a pretty domestic desire !  
Peaceful tête-à-tête evenings are spent in their flat  
Sipping innocent cocktails and stroking the cat  
When some neat little 'coup' has missed fire.

But someone must set about earning supplies,  
And dear little Vashti, so thoughtful and wise,  
Prints Banknotes with a grace that is charming.  
They can do without caviare, 'dope' and champagne,  
But Home life sans Abdullas that soothe and sustain  
Is a prospect too bleakly alarming !

—F. R. HOLMES.

# ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

VIRGINIA

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

JOHN HANNAN (Newburgh, N.Y.)—We are glad to learn how, in expressing your own sentiments, you so admirably enter into the feelings of the man at the wheel under such circumstances.

HOWARD D. HIGGINS (New York).—We are so far right that, if Black had no other move at his disposal than 1. —, K to K 3rd (which you mean when you give K to K 6th), there would be a mate in two moves. But is there any reason why he should not try 1. —, P to Q 4th, and then how do you proceed?

M. S. MAUGHAN (Burton-on-Severn).—Your instincts are happily sound, and correctly add a note of interrogation to your proposed solution of No. 3987. Any move of Black's Bishop frustrates mate by your reply.

T. G. COLLINGS (Hulme, Manchester).—Your last three-mover is under further consideration. It is a little awkward in construction, but possesses some points of attraction otherwise.

J. EDWARDS (Cardiff).—All you say about the relative merits of chess and pugilism are undoubtedly true. The difference of their rewards, however, lies in the fact that you can find 150,000 persons willing to pay fancy prices to witness a championship encounter in the ring, while you could scarcely gather 500 at a shilling a head to watch a corresponding struggle over the chess-board.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at Chicago in the National Masters' Tournament between Messrs. A. J. FINK and A. KURCHIK.  
(Ruy Lopez Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K 1 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Q Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd
5. Castles	B to K 2nd
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd
7. P to B 3rd	Castles
8. R to K sq	Kt to Q 2nd
9. B to K 3rd	B to B 3rd
10. B to B 2nd	R to K sq
11. P to K R 3rd	Kt to B sq
12. K to R 2nd	

The game so far has been opened by both sides on well-established lines, with fairly equal positions as the result. What, however, is the immediate object of this move is not easy to see. Presumably it is by way of preparation for an attack in force on the King's wing.

12. P to Q 4th  
13. P takes P  
14. Q to K 2nd  
15. Q Kt to Q 2nd and Q R to Q sq  
16. Kt to K 4th

There is here a period of excellent thrust and counter-thrust manoeuvring, leading up to an unexpected conclusion.

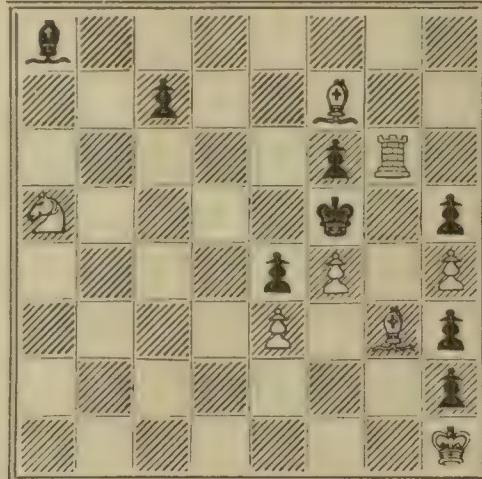
16. B to K 2nd  
17. Kt (B 3rd) to B to Kt 3rd  
Kt 5th  
18. Q to B 3rd Kt to K 3rd

And Black resigns four moves later.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3984 received from G Parbury (Singapore); of No. 3985 from R B Cook (Portland, Maine, U.S.A.);

of No. 3986 from J W Smedley (Oldham), Charles Willing (Philadelphia), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), and Horace E McFarland (St. Louis, Mo.); of No. 3987 from H Heshmat (Cairo), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), W Whitehouse (Kidderminster), E J Gibbs (East Ham), W H Terry (Cricklewood), A Edmeston (Heathfield), J F Fallwell (Caterham), and John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.); and of No. 3988 from J Hunter (Leicester), Rev. W Scott (Elgin) C B S (Canterbury), A Edmeston (Heathfield), J W Smedley (Oldham), C H Watson (Masham), S Caldwell (Hove), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), R B N (Tewkesbury), H W Satow (Bangor), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J T Bridge (Colchester), J P S (Cricklewood), L W Cafferata (Farndon), and J E Gibbs (East Ham).

PROBLEM NO. 3989.—BY E. BOSWELL.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3987.—BY T. K. WIGAN.

WHITE	BLACK
1. R to Kt 5th	Anything
2. Mates accordingly.	

A pretty and not over-elaborated example of a block position in which the double-pin theme is cleverly interwoven. By the cleanliness and neatness of its varying mates it has gained the general approval of our solvers.

The seventy-fourth winter session of the City of London Chess Club will be commenced on Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 2, Wardrobe Court, E.C.4, when the English champion, Mr. F. D. Yates, will give an exhibition of simultaneous play on twenty boards. The championship and four other tournaments for all classes will commence on Oct. 26, in which numerous prizes will be given. The Hon. Sec., Mr. J. Walter Russell, will be happy to supply full particulars on receipt of a postcard.

Many exquisite examples of the art of the camera are included in "The Year's Photography," the Exhibition Number of the "Photographic Journal."

which has just been published at the price of 1s. 6d. The magazine is equally attractive on its literary side. It opens with the address delivered by the President of the Royal Photographic Society, Mr. T. H. B. Scott, at the private view of the Society's seventy-first International Exhibition, now open at 35. Russell Square. The illustrated articles cover, among them, every phase of the photographer's activities, including pictorial photography, nature study and wild life, slide-making, colour-photography, the camera in commerce and science, Press photography, the microscope, stereoscopes, X-rays, cinematography and film production at Hollywood, and progress in equipment. Humour finds place in an amusing skit by S. W. Johns, in the manner of Pepys's Diary.

Cambridge has a new repertory theatre, which begins operations this month in the old Theatre Royal at Barnwell, entirely reconstructed on modern lines, and renamed the Festival Theatre. It was rebuilt in 1816, and is believed to be the only Regency playhouse still surviving. Macready, Kemble and Kean acted in it, and Dickens gave readings there. It was for long the only theatre in Cambridge, but for the last forty years it had been used as a mission hall. Both stage and auditorium have been thoroughly modernised, but the Regency touch has been retained to some extent in the decoration. Simple scenery will be used, relying largely on form, colour, and the most modern lighting effects, on the Schwabe system. There will be three seasons annually, of eight weeks each, corresponding with the University terms, each play running for one week. Every season will include one classical play, one historical, one static, one expressionist (or otherwise experimental), a triple bill, and a modern comedy. Dancing and dramatic movement will be in charge of Miss Ninette de Valois as choreographic director. Exchanges with other repertory companies will be arranged, and it is hoped eventually to organise an annual dramatic festival, and to make the Festival Theatre, as its name implies, a national centre of dramatic training and experiment.

With reference to the reproductions in our last issue of some of the panels illustrating the famous Van Eyck polyptych, we regret that, owing to an oversight, acknowledgment was not made to Messrs. Photographische Gesellschaft, of Berlin, who own the copyright of the photographs.

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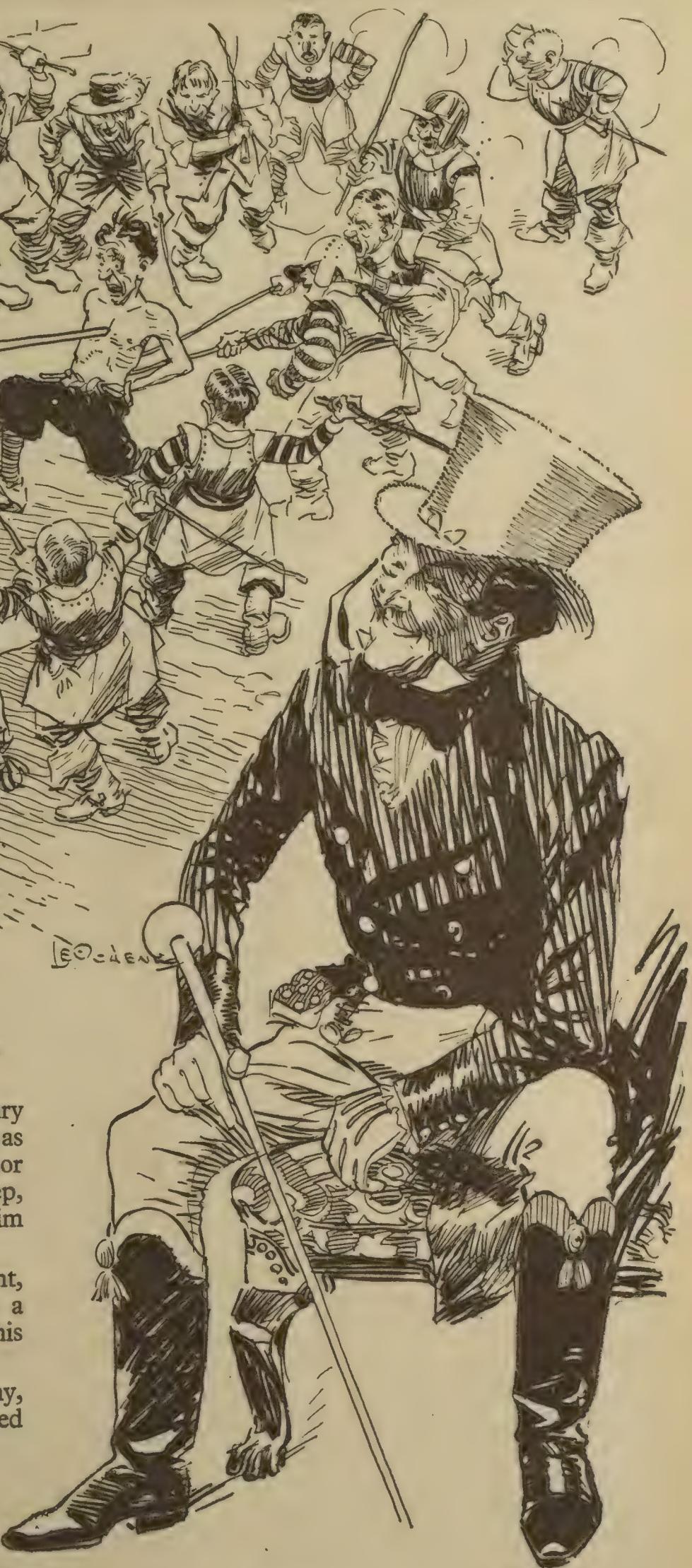
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ONE of the punishments inflicted on military offenders in the 17th century was known as "running the gantelope," when the transgressor had to run between ranks of soldiers, six deep, armed with switches or rods, who struck him as he passed.

In order to retard his progress, the delinquent, stripped to the waist, had the point of a sergeant's reversed halbert presented to his breast.

As a corporal punishment in the Prussian army, "running the gantelope" was only abolished in 1832.



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The most popular saying to-day is  
"Johnnie Walker, please!"

## THE LURE OF THE SEA CRUISE.

(Continued from Page 648.)

by way of Algiers and Naples, to Egypt and Palestine. Here a week is spent on shore before the Suez Canal is traversed on the long road to India and Ceylon. Twelve days for the sights of Hindustan, then away to the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, Manila, and Hong Kong. Next comes Shanghai; with a week in China for a flying visit to Peking; then Kobe and Yokohama, for six days in the land of Nippon; and so across the Pacific Ocean to Honolulu, Hilo, and San Francisco. The last lap of this wonderful journey is by way of the Panama Canal to the West Indies, New York, and back to the starting-point at Southampton. A panorama of the world, cleverly arranged so that each country is visited in season—Christmas Eve in Bethlehem, New Year's Eve in Cairo, India during the cool weather, and Japan in blossom-time.

## FROM THE CAPE TO THE CARIBBEAN.

Another cruise of quite unusual charm is that of the *Kenilworth Castle*, of the Union Castle Line (12,975 tons), which will sail from Southampton on Dec. 10, conveying passengers to Cape Town for a special Christmas tour in South Africa. At this season of the year the resorts of the Cape Riviera are at their best. In addition to the beautiful scenery along the shores of False Bay, there is the exhilaration of surf-bathing at Muizenberg, and the possibility of a journey through South Africa to the Victoria Falls and Rhodesia. No more delightful prospect can well be imagined than Christmas under the blue skies of South Africa.

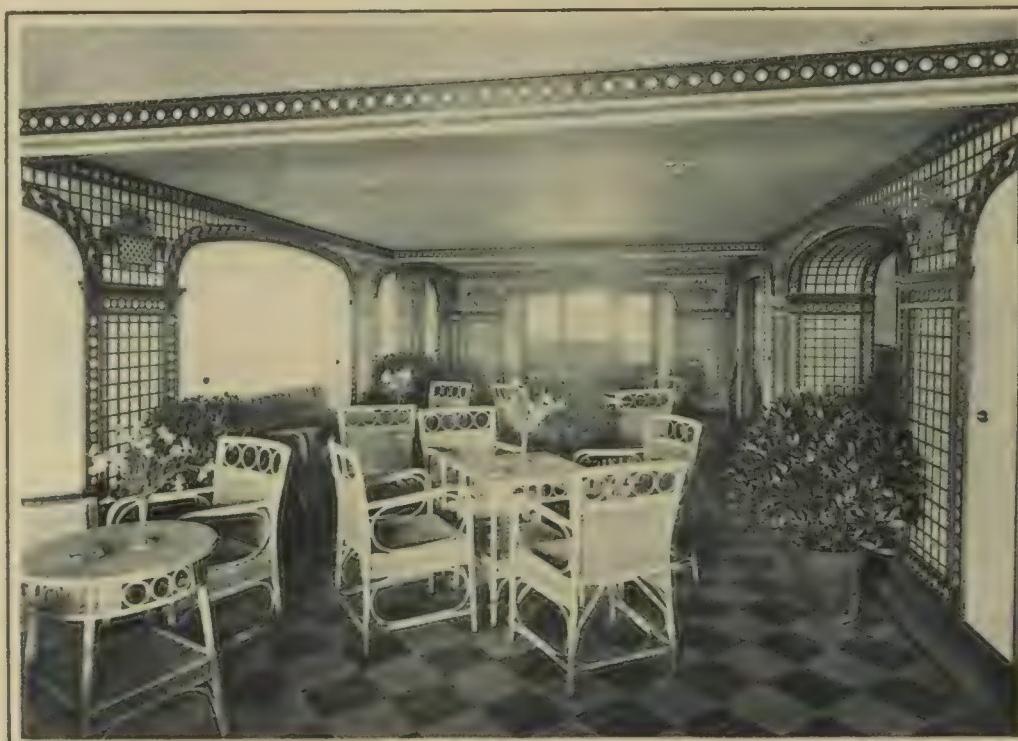
Leaving English shores for a pleasure cruise in the Caribbean Sea is the Royal Mail liner *Arcadian*. Christmas will be spent on summer seas, among the jewel-like islands of the Spanish Main. The traveller will live in an atmosphere of palms, pirates, and buccaneers of old. It was the sea of adventure from the days of Elizabeth to those of Nelson, and

afterwards lived in state as Governor-General of Jamaica. To cruise among these islands is to enjoy the thrill of an old-time sea romance in a setting of exquisite tropical beauty.

Round South America, calling at 30 ports in 11 different countries and covering 19,000 miles in three months—this is the programme of the winter cruises of the Pacific Line. Commencing at Southampton, the first few visits are along the shores of France, Spain, and Portugal; then the way lies across the South Atlantic, in the footsteps of Vasco da Gama, Drake, and other navigators of old, to Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine. Still travelling south, to the *Ultima Thule* of the civilised world, the glacier-bordered Straits of Magellan, in the twilit South American Antarctic, are traversed before the sunny South Pacific is reached. Then come the colourful lands of Chile and Peru, the tropical islands of the Bay of Panama, the famous canal which severs the continents of the New World, Cuba and its fashionable winter resorts, and so back to the cliffs of Old England, gleaming white in the spring sunshine.

For those people who require a three-weeks' respite from cold and gloom there are the cruises by the Yeoward Line to the beautiful islands of the South Atlantic. These islands enjoy a climate of almost perpetual summer. At Funchal, the picturesque little capital of Madeira, Las Palmas in Grand Canary, and Orotava, in Tenerife, there is a wealth of semi-tropical fruit, flowers, and sunshine. They are the "Fortunate Islands" of Plutarch and Ptolemy. The popular view that they are the original habitat of the canary is not substantiated by the dull, greenish-yellow plumed

[Continued overleaf.]



LIKE THE LOUNGE OF A GREAT HOTEL ON LAND: THE PLEASANT VERANDAH CAFÉ IN THE CUNARD LINER "LANCASTRIA," THAT CRUISES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN BETWEEN DECEMBER AND MARCH.

has since lost little of its glamour and romance. Here and there throughout these islands are reminders of England's sea-power, both legitimate and illegitimate. An interesting example of the state of affairs then existing is afforded by Old Panama, sacked by Morgan the Buccaneer, and Kingston, where the same pirate

mas in Grand Canary, and Orotava, in Tenerife, there is a wealth of semi-tropical fruit, flowers, and sunshine. They are the "Fortunate Islands" of Plutarch and Ptolemy. The popular view that they are the original habitat of the canary is not substantiated by the dull, greenish-yellow plumed



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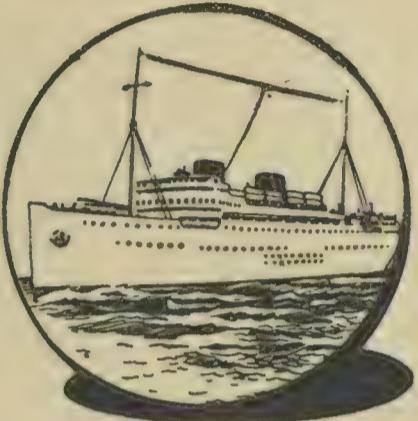
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*Continued.*

birds, that seldom sing, which are to be seen there. There is no more delightful way of avoiding the cold and gloom of northern climates than a short or long stay in these islands, combined with a cruise on the popular Yeoward liners.

#### "THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS."

In the Land of the Pharaohs there is the lure of antiquity combined with an incomparable winter climate, exquisite semi-tropical scenery, and the mysteriousness of the East. Its 4000-year-old temples and tombs afford interest to all who have spirits receptive of romance; and the Nile, one of the world's largest rivers, bordered by palm-groves, cotton-fields, curious mud-brick villages, and gleaming white mosques, provides an unequalled panorama for the lover of colour. Cairo, the half-ancient, half-modern city, where East meets West in a riot of gaiety during the international season, is but the gateway of the desert, where each sunrise and sunset is a picture that no artist can truthfully portray.

In order to see the Land of the Pharaohs it is necessary to board one of the palatial floating hotels of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, and make the famous Nile voyage. By no other means can all the palaces and tombs, from the Pyramids, near Cairo, to the rock-hewn temple of Abu Simbel, be seen in luxury. It is not generally known that a visit to Egypt can be combined with a Mediterranean cruise for the modest sum of £54 on one of the fine 10,000-ton vessels of the Henderson Line, sailing fortnightly from Liverpool.

#### MEDITERRANEAN BLUE.

Passing from the broad ocean to the narrow isle-dotted Mediterranean (the sea playground of Europe),

there are the pleasure voyages of the Cunard liner *Lancastria*, between December and March. To describe the places visited during one of these cruises—which, in regard to cost, works out at less than £2 a day—would be to catalogue the sights of the Central Sea and still fail to describe the subtle charm of a Mediterranean cruise. This lies not entirely in the *sukhs* of Tangier, the stately beauty of Athens, the native bazaars of Tunis, the vine, orange, and lemon-clad

on Jan. 13. A special feature of the cruise will be the opportunity given to spend Christmastide amongst new surroundings and under novel conditions at Bethlehem, the place always associated with this festival. The second cruise takes place on Jan. 18, when the *Lancastria* will again leave for the Mediterranean, calling at all the ports touched in the first cruise, and in addition such places as Lisbon, Tangier, Malta, Syracuse, and Ajaccio, returning to Southampton on Feb. 23. The *Lancastria* leaves Southampton on her third cruise on March 5.

Other vessels make winter and spring cruises in this fascinating sea. The *Araguaya*, one of the Argentine liners of the Royal Mail fleet, leaves Southampton early in October for Athens, Constantinople, Gallipoli, and North Africa. The R.M.S. *Arcadian* and *Ohio* commence a series of cruises along the Dalmatian coast in January.

The White Star and Red Star Line are sending their Atlantic greyhounds, the s.s. *Adriatic*, of 24,563 tons, and the s.s. *Lapland*, of 18,694 tons, on four cruises to the Mediterranean during January, February, and March. Among the special sights offered during these pleasure voyages should be mentioned the passage of the Dardanelles, Constantinople, and the Bosphorus, as well as visits to Algiers, Monaco, Naples, Haifa,

Alexandria, and Syracuse. It is difficult to imagine a more comprehensive itinerary than that offered by these sea tours in vessels which, by their size and appointments, guarantee the maximum of steadiness and comfort.

To what an extent the sea cruise has supplanted the old, tedious overland tour of more restricted compass will be apparent from the variety of cruises now being offered, and the number of great ships employed almost exclusively in the new trade of pleasure travel.



SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE EGYPT-INDIA AIR SERVICE: THE FIRST OF THE NEW EMPIRE TYPE  
D.H. 66 BRISTOL JUPITER AIR-LINERS.

A new air service between Egypt and India is to be opened by Imperial Airways in January. This machine, the first of its type specially built for the service, was recently tested at Stag Lane Aerodrome.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

slopes of the Straits of Messina, and the inimitable Bay of Naples, but in the sparkling morning sunlight, the skies of early evening, the phosphorescent sea, the blues above and below, the calm, the warm breeze, and the vivid lights and shades.

The *Lancastria* will leave Southampton for her first cruise on Dec. 11. Calls will be made at the principal Mediterranean ports, including Gibraltar, Villefranche (for Nice and Monte Carlo), Naples, Haifa (for the Holy Land), and Alexandria, returning to Southampton

# SPECIAL CRUISES

1926-1927

#### AROUND THE WORLD

ANTWERP and  
BOULOGNE, Nov. 26, 1926  
SOUTHAMPTON, Nov. 27  
NEW YORK, December 14

(In co-operation with the American Express Co.)

"BELGENLAND," leaves

FOR HAVANA, COLON, BALBOA, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, HILO, HONOLULU, YOKOHAMA, KOBE, INLAND SEA, MIYAJIMA, SHANGHAI, HONG KONG, MANILA, BATAVIA, SINGAPORE, DIAMOND HARBOUR, CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, BOMBAY, PORT SUDAN, PORT TEWFIK, ALEXANDRIA, NAPLES, MONACO, GIBRALTAR.

#### MEDITERRANEAN and EGYPT

"ADRIATIC" leaves NEW YORK, January 5, 1927

FOR MADEIRA, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MONACO, NAPLES, ATHENS, CHANAK, KALESI, CONSTANTINOPLE, HAIFA, ALEXANDRIA, SYRACUSE.

"LAPLAND," leaves NEW YORK, January 15, 1927

FOR MADEIRA, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MONACO, NAPLES, ATHENS, CHANAK, KALESI, CONSTANTINOPLE, HAIFA, ALEXANDRIA, SYRACUSE.

"DORIC," - leaves NEW YORK, January 22, 1927

(Under Charter to the James Boring Travel Service)

FOR MADEIRA, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, TUNIS, VALETTA, ALEXANDRIA, PORT SAID, HAIFA, SMYRNA, CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS, SYRACUSE, NAPLES, LEGHORN, NICE, CHERBOURG, SOUTHAMPTON.

"HOMERIC" leaves NEW YORK, January 22, 1927

(Under Charter to Thomas Cook & Son, Ltd.)

FOR MADEIRA, CADIZ, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, LA GOULETTE (TUNIS), NAPLES, ATHENS, CHANAK, KALESI, CONSTANTINOPLE, HAIFA, ALEXANDRIA, PALERMO, MONACO.

"ADRIATIC," leaves NEW YORK, February 23, 1927

FOR MADEIRA, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MONACO, NAPLES, ATHENS, CHANAK, KALESI, CONSTANTINOPLE, HAIFA, ALEXANDRIA, SYRACUSE.

"LAPLAND" leaves NEW YORK, March 5, 1927

FOR MADEIRA, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MONACO, NAPLES, ATHENS, CHANAK, KALESI, CONSTANTINOPLE, HAIFA, ALEXANDRIA, SYRACUSE.

Passages may be arranged from MONACO or NAPLES to EGYPT and return.

#### WEST INDIES and SOUTH AMERICA

"DORIC," - leaves NEW YORK, December 28, 1926

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Thursday .....	April 14th.....	17	"

1927

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"Aweel, hinny," continued Niel Blane, sighing deeply, "let Bauldy drive the pease and bean meal to the camp, at Drumclog. . . . He maun say it's the last unce o' meal in the house. . . . Duncan Glen . . . drives up the aitmeal to Tillietudlem, wi' my dutifu' service to my Leddy and the Major . . . and if Duncan manage right, I'll gie him a tass o' whisky shall mak the blue low come out at his mouth."

OLD MORTALITY, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

Knowing Niel, it is possible that his promise to Duncan of the kind of whisky that would cause that worthy to breathe blue flames was but a figure of speech. It is to be hoped so, anyway. Had Duncan been a diplomat of to-day, it is more than likely that he would have felt amply rewarded with a good, three-finger glass of mellow, worthy, aged-to-gentleness Black & White. Niel Blane was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.



# BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd    Scotch Whisky Distillers  
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE WHITE WITCH." AT THE HAYMARKET.

JOHN JONES, artist and married man, takes Jenny Bell, spinster, whose portrait he is painting, out for a sail in his yacht. A fog arises and the yacht is run down by a steamer. John and Jenny are both saved. But their escapade is made public, and John, to his indignation, discovers that no one believes it to have been innocent. He is compelled, therefore, to give Ruth, his wife, a divorce, in order that she may mate again—with an idiot of a Major—and to renounce that renunciation of Jenny which he had made just before the fog enveloped the yacht. This is the story which Mr. A. P. Herbert, humourist of *Punch*, relates at the Haymarket, and in our summary of it we have hinted at its weakness. A love-duet ending on a note of renunciation is always apt to fall a little flat; here it is rendered flatter than it need be by the author's rhetorical dialogue and inability to hold the stage with two characters only. In the duet in "The Glimpse," maddening as most of the play was, Miss Glaspell managed to grip the audience's attention, for her couple

had things passionate to say. But Mr. Herbert has not the technical skill for leading up to and for managing such a *scène à deux*, and he can infuse no passion into his eloping pair. Nor can Mr. Leon Quartermaine and Miss Fay Compton make very much

of John and Jenny. The Major again is a mere stage puppet. He is presented in the first two acts as a transcendental sort of silly ass, and in the last act as a bullying cross-examiner who forces the innocent John to become a co-respondent. Mr. Henry Caine presents these two facets of the caricature in very amusing fashion; but he cannot, of course, make a character out of them. The most diverting moments in the play are provided by Mr. Sebastian Smith, who is richly humorous as a piano-tuner.

a stock figure of our lighter comedy. Such a creature is the heroine of Mr. Hastings Turner's new play, and gives Miss Marie Tempest the latest opportunity of displaying her engaging felinities. Alicia Crane lived in Gloucestershire while she pined for Bond Street, and had been happily but placidly married for sixteen years to her Peter, whose main interest lay in pigs and sties, horses and stables, poultry and hen-runs. To divert this interest into the direction of her own temperament, Alicia, in Peter's absence from home, invited to dinner

her neighbour, Reginald Gill, a brainless, ineffectual noodle who could not take his liquor like a man. The worst happened, for next morning Reginald was discovered by one of the servants sleeping in his dinner suit on the drawing-room sofa, and the fat was in the fire. But at the Shakespeare reading in which Peter made his reappearance, neither the mumbled explanations of Reginald nor the exaggeratedly guilty look of Alicia could bring about the desired explosion of jealousy. Peter merely forgave Alicia, and, though she subsequently tried to rouse him by forcing Reginald to play duets with her, to kiss the back of her neck, and to put his arm round her, he simply continued to see through the whole plot and would only for-

give her. How admirably and with what finesse and resource Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Ernest Thesiger play the coquette and the coquette's victim, playgoers have no need to be reminded. At this kind of game both artists are past masters; and

[Continued overleaf.]



THE TARIFF "WALLS" OF EUROPE AND THEIR RELATIVE HEIGHT: AN INGENIOUS MODEL PLACED ON VIEW AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

This large map of Europe, with national boundaries marked by tariff walls of varying height, was designed by Sir Clive Morrison-Bell, M.P., and was recently placed on view at the Bank of England. The lowest walls are those round Great Britain, Northern Ireland, Holland, and Tunis. The highest is that around Russia, which is surmounted by barbed wire, suggesting, perhaps, the difficulty of any kind of trading with that country under Soviet rule. Russia's wall is seven times the height of Britain's, while Spain's is nearly six times, and Germany's 3½ times as high.—[Photograph by Barratt.]

## "THE SCARLET LADY." AT THE CRITERION.

The long-married wife, who demands an occasional explosion of jealousy from her too complacent spouse, and, when he refuses to explode, deliberately manufactures a scene in order to make him do so, is now

## Winning the "200"



(Photo, Courtesy the "Motor")

Major H.O.D. Segrave piloting his victorious "Talbot Special" into first place at the Junior Car Club's 200 Miles Race at Brooklands

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# THE EIGHTEEN THAT FEELS LIKE A FIFTY



"*JERRY'S PET*," near Harlech, North Wales, has an acute bend which masks a gradient of 1 in 2½. Despite this, the wonderful new Eighteen Six Cylinder Armstrong Siddeley took three people and luggage up the hill at the first attempt.

THIS Eighteen appeals to the sportsman. There's life in it, eagerness for the open road and marvellous stamina and stability. Try its top gear climbing, test its slashing acceleration and the magic of its brakes and suspension. You'll enjoy it.

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climbed by the wonderful Eighteen  
**ARMSTRONG**  
**SIDDELEY**  
SIX

THE LARGEST MAKERS OF SIX CYLINDER CARS IN EUROPE.

*Continued]*

in the new Criterion comedy they are as well worth watching as ever they were. Their supporters, too, are thoroughly competent, Mr. Graham Browne is

To those who remember the performance at the Vaudeville about a generation ago, all this will seem very queer; for Ulrick Brendel translated into Eric

Brenden, and Peter Mortensgaard disguised as Alfred Robinson, are still unable to give this Ibsen play written in 1885, and produced in London seven years later, any sort of contact with England or with 1926. We simply say with one of the author's characters in "Hedda Gabler" — "People don't do such things." "Rosmersholm," like most of its author's social dramas, deals with the tyranny exercised by "the compact majority" over individuals, and their consequent spiritual suppressions and sham idealisms. So long as John Rosmer plays the party game the supporters of the Government and the supporters of the Opposition are both content to ignore his past, the scandal of his wife's suicide, and to connive at his present, his supposed intrigue with Rebecca West. It is only when, under the influence of Rebecca, he declares his independence that public opinion is mobilised against the couple, and they

dominating. Of her supporters, Mr. Charles Carson makes an admirable Rosmer, though he hardly looks the part; while Mr. Robert Farquharson has some fine moments as Brendel. The translation used for the purposes of the Kingsway production is the work of Mr. R. Farquharson Sharp.



THE WAR MEMORIAL TO OLD BOYS OF DURHAM SCHOOL: THE NEW SCHOOL CHAPEL, RECENTLY DEDICATED.

The new Chapel of Durham School, designed in the Gothic style by the late Mr. W. H. Brierley, of York, was recently dedicated by the Bishop of Durham as a memorial to Old Boys who fell in the war. It stands on a hill overlooking the river Wear, the Cathedral, and the Castle. Another bay and a tower are to be added later.—[Photograph by Topical.]

sound and natural as Peter. Mr. Frederick Leister gives us a clergyman almost as lifelike as the one presented by Mr. J. H. Roberts in "The Wonderful Visit." And Miss Fabia Drake makes a good deal of the small part of Peggy, Reginald's sweetheart.

#### "ROSMERSHOLM" AT THE KINGSWAY.

The managers of the Kingsway are continuing their policy of refurbishing and redressing old masterpieces. "Hamlet" in a dinner jacket and "plus fours" has been followed by "Rosmersholm" set in a provincial English manor house, with the characters clad in modern clothes and furnished with English names.

seek relief by throwing themselves into the self-same mill-race in which Mrs. Rosmer had drowned herself. Rebecca West, who starts by being a mere adventuress, and ends as martyr to the cause of expiation by suicide, is a character not easily comprehensible from the printed page. Nor does she gain much in perspicuity by being transferred to the stage. Her impersonator, we suppose, should have the grand tragic manner and should suggest something of a Scandinavian Lady Macbeth. At the Kingsway Miss Edith Evans—who has yet, as her Cleopatra showed, to capture the tragic manner—is physically seductive rather than intellectually



FIRST-AID BOXES FOR LONDON BUSMEN ON THE ROAD: A CONDUCTOR RECEIVING TREATMENT AT VICTORIA STATION.

The London General Omnibus Company decided recently to install First Aid boxes at terminal points on the bus routes, so that drivers and conductors may obtain prompt treatment for any cuts or minor injuries. In our photograph, taken at Victoria Station, the box is seen on the top of a post.

Photograph by Fox Photos.

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ft. ins.	ft ins.	COLOURING.	£	s.	d.
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11 2	x 8 3	Green and Camel	21	10	0
12 10	x 9 0	Antique Reds	27	10	0
13 2	x 10 4	Green and Camel	31	10	0
15 0	x 11 2	Antique Reds	39	10	0
16 7	x 13 2	Antique Reds	45	0	0
17 7	x 13 7	Antique Reds	55	0	0
18 0	x 12 0	Antique Reds	49	10	0
18 0	x 14 4	Green and Camel	59	10	0
19 4	x 14 3	Antique Reds	63	0	0
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Other sizes and colourings also in stock.

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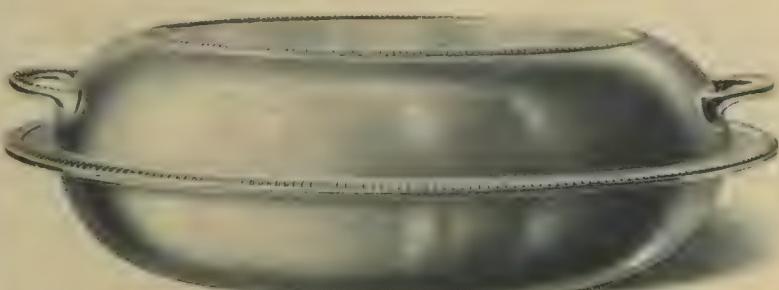
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The Teapot holds approximately 1½ pints. The inside of this well-designed Pot is without ridges, thus minimizing corrosion; and the lid is of ample size, permitting the Pot to be easily cleaned inside.

P.S. 6716.—Hot-Water Jugs to match this Tea Set, capacity 1½ pints, 42s. Post Free.



P.S. 6715.—**Entrée Dish (Electro Plate)**, with Cover that may be used as a second dish at will. Made to Harrods own specification of strong gauge hard White Nickel Silver. Harrods 'A' quality plating, hand steel burnished. Length 11ins. Dish and Cover complete 31/6 Post Free.



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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

### THE LURE OF A GOOD TWO-CYLINDER ENGINE.

**J**UST at this time, when we are being told that the low-priced six-cylinder car is well on its way to eliminating the four, and new models of these in all price classes are being announced, it is particularly interesting to find that there is still being made an air-cooled two-cylinder car which is sold at anything but a competitive price. This is the 12-h.p. A.B.C., a car, manufactured in only small quantities for a number of years, which has always had and kept its enthusiastic adherents, but has never attempted to threaten the position of the four-cylinder popular type of about the same rated horse-power.

I believe there are only, at the most, two or three British cars on the market having only two cylinders, whether air-cooled or water-cooled, and of these the A.B.C. is the only one of which I have had any personal experience; but that experienced designers should still pin their faith to what now seems to be almost a primitive design, and that in the face of a wave of six-cylinder fashion, gives these select few particular interest. An engine of this type has so much to compete with in its rivals that, unless it be sold at something considerably under their lowest price, one could hardly imagine that it would be worth while manufacturing—that is, of course, unless one had had the opportunity of driving such an example as the A.B.C.

Under existing conditions it is obviously impossible

That alone, in my view, is a big asset in favour of any type of car which is designed for long life, as the small cheap car of the future will have to be. Until undreamt-of progress is achieved, the buyer of the

are enclosed. Everything, including the magneto, is really accessible, and the complete unit is thoroughly workmanlike and finished off in a workmanlike way.

This engine is remarkably powerful and full of life, but its designer has not made the mistake of handicapping it with a three-speed gear-box. Four speeds are supplied, actuated through a vertical gate in which first and second are below third and top. It sounds complicated, but in practice the changing is exceedingly simple. Really swift changes through the box and back again are easily accomplished, with the result that the A.B.C. can be made to accelerate past cars of much higher power in a manner most disconcerting to the latter.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the A.B.C. is the manner in which the engine "sticks to it" on hills. I drove it over a hilly course where the worst gradient was one in six, and at this latter point the speed of the car did not fall below twenty-three miles an hour on second; while a certain well-known gradient

on the outskirts of London was covered at a minimum of forty-one miles an hour and a maximum of fifty-one—at the summit. With such a performance as this, you will gather that driving the A.B.C. is anything but dull, and for the sake of this tremendous liveliness you would forgive a



AT CASTLE BROMWICH: ONE OF THE NEW WOLSELEY 16-45-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER (TWO-LITRE) MODELS, FITTED WITH A SALOON BODY.

This car is an entirely new model, which will be exhibited in chassis form, and also as a touring car and saloon, on Stand 94 in the forthcoming Show at Olympia.

£150 or £100 car will have to sacrifice something on the altar of economy. If he is going to insist upon smooth power, noiselessly produced, he will have to give up something in exchange, either comfort in body-work or in suspension, or in long life, or in all three to a certain degree—or pay for them. If he will get over his prejudice against

a two-cylinder engine and air-cooling (a prejudice which to-day is the natural result of ignorance) the chances are that wide-awake designers will be found to provide him with a really good motor-car at a really low price.

The new A.B.C. is one of the most interesting cars you could wish to drive. The particular model I tried is called the Super-Sports, for which a maximum speed of sixty-five miles per hour is claimed; but I understand that, except in the matter of high speed, there is very little difference between this and the standard model. The bore and stroke of the horizontally opposed cylinders are 96 by 91, the brake horse-power developed being over 40. A complete carburettor is fitted to

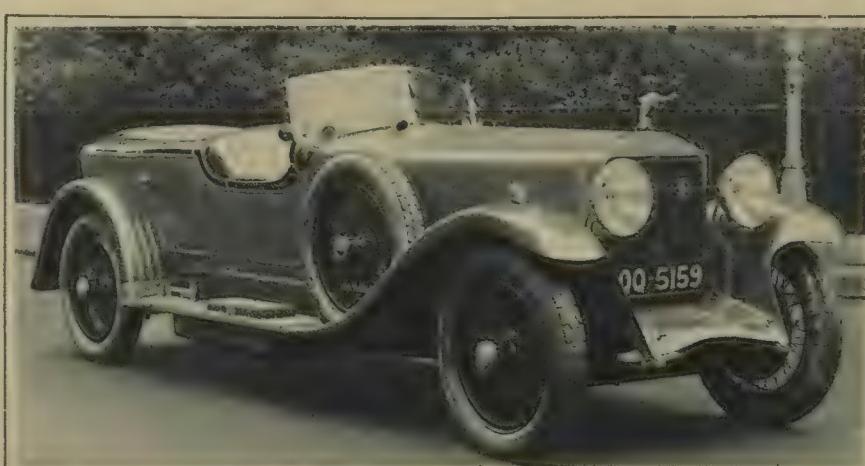
each cylinder, an arrangement which goes far towards improving the smooth pull of the engine. The valves are operated by overhead push-rods, which



A NEW ALVIS MODEL FOR 1927: THE FOUR-SEATER SPORTS SALOON AT £595.

The lines of this coach-built saloon are extremely handsome, and the interior roomy and comfortable, accommodating five persons with ease. The car is finished in a two-colour combination, and upholstered in furniture hide. This model will undoubtedly appeal to those motorists who appreciate the advantages of a saloon body on a sports chassis, with a fast turn of speed.

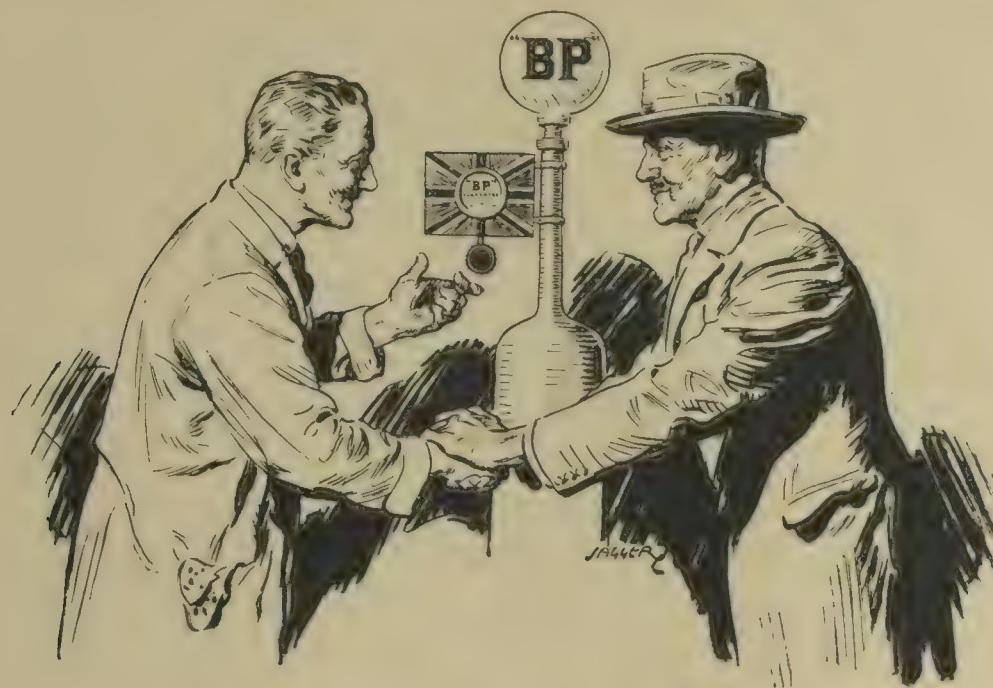
for an efficient two-cylinder engine to run as noiselessly as a four or a six. If it is air-cooled the noise it makes under load is bound to be increased. There is widespread prejudice against both noise and air-cooling, and, although there is little excuse for the latter, one is bound to sympathise with the former. From this point of view, then, one can hardly be surprised at the lack of encouragement given to two-cylinder design to-day. Yet I believe that, if the real worth of a twin-cylinder car of high degree could be impressed upon the enormous public who buy cars for economy, there would be brought into being a very useful class of motor-car. A well-made two-cylinder engine undoubtedly sounds as if it was, at the most, half as well balanced as a four. Those rather aggressive exhaust explosions, reminding one rather of a high-powered motor-bicycle, make one think instinctively of vibration, but the fact is that a well-balanced twin-cylinder often exhibits no more vibration than a four, and on occasion even less.



SIMILAR TO THE CARS SUPPLIED TO KING FEISUL OF IRAQ AND THE MAHARAJAH OF ALWAR: A 45-H.P. STRAIGHT EIGHT ISOTTA FRASCHINI FITTED WITH A SPECIAL SPORTS BODY.

good deal more than the noise set up by the engine at high speeds. Add to this extremely light steering, remarkable suspension, quite first-class brakes, and road-holding of a high order, and you will see why the potentialities of a twin-cylinder air-cooled car become of unexpected interest. So far as the cooling is concerned, I was able, after running at sixty miles an hour, to touch the cylinders without discomfort. That was convincing.

The two-seated bodywork is decidedly comfortable, and not at all suggestive of a half-bred racer. Driver and passenger have plenty of room not only for their legs, but for their elbows. In fact, if such a thing were possible, I would say there was too much leg-room. The general appearance of the car is very attractive, and its finish is well in keeping with its performance. The price is £275, but for this you get sixty-five miles an hour on top, fifty on third, and forty on second without any serious vibration. It is this that encourages me to hope that one of the next attempts to produce the £100 car will follow these sensible and efficient lines, and thus bring about that state of affairs to which many would-be car-owners, who are at present deterred only by financial considerations, are eagerly looking forward.



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## THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE CASUARINA TREE. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Somerset Maugham's preface explains carefully that the casuarina tree is a symbol he has chosen for the lives of the English people living in the Malay Peninsula and in Borneo. It is "grey, rugged, and sad." His stories are certainly sad, because they treat for the most part of the frailties of human nature—frailties not, of course, in any way peculiar to exiled administrators and planters and their women-folk. Loneliness and idleness may undermine self-restraint, that is all; and these solitary or homesick individuals fall victims to passion, to jealousy, to fear and revenge. Their extremity is Mr. Maugham's opportunity. Not one of the six tales in "The Casuarina Tree" but is a vivid and cleverly handled study of conflict. "The Outstation" deals with the British snob, who has changed the sky above him but not his heart. He is the hospitable, decent fellow whom we all know, who does not fail to tell you if a man has been to Eton, and who dearly loves a lord. Harmless enough in a European setting, his foible sets up tragic reactions in a Malayan backwater. The vigour of the book is tensely sustained and highly dramatic.

THE OLD BRIDGE. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)

The fairies who gave Mr. Locke his novel-writing gift knew what they were about. It is one thing to manipulate a story of unflagging interest, and another to deal with its characters in the spirit of intimate kindness. "The Old Bridge" combines these features by the Locke method, which has an effortless charm. It contains live and lovable people—people, moreover (though this is a minor detail), with adorable names. Perella Jannaway is an irresistible name, and Perella is an irresistible little lady. How and where she met Anthony Blake, and what befell them, is an affair of sheer youth with its evanescent intentions, its gaiety and its heart-hunger, its pathetic optimism. It is a gallant adventure, for Perella; and it is characteristic of Mr. Locke that he does not permit you to judge Anthony too harshly. His novels are published now in a complete edition. "The Old Bridge" shows him incomparable in his delicate art, and more than ever master of a magic pen.

THE MAN THEY HANGED. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. (Appleton; 7s. 6d.)

The man they hanged—and they hanged him, after trial, at Execution Dock, Wapping—was Captain Kidd. His name has a legendary interest: it has come down to us as a synonym for the typical pirate, with Morgan and Blackbeard. But this, says Robert W. Chambers, is defamation of an honest man, who was done to death in a travesty of justice at the secret bidding of villains in high places. Great pains are taken with the details of the story, and there is a profusion of footnotes testifying to Mr. Chambers's conscientious search for truth. He succeeds admirably in the main object of his book, which has been written to convince us all of his hero's innocence. But we do not feel that it was a happy thought to send it out to the world in its present form. Once again, an author who writes fiction with skill and ingenuity labours over a narrative of fact. The love story, which is introduced for no apparent reason except that if you call a book a novel you are expected to produce a love story, is clogged by the necessity for vindicating Captain Kidd. It is seldom, except in the dramatic title of "The Man They Hanged," that you can find Mr. Chambers as you would wish to find him—hitting the romantic mark with his accustomed accuracy.

SEA WHISPERS. By W. W. JACOBS. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

Two writers inhabit the brain of Mr. W. W. Jacobs. One writes of the night-watchman and Ginger, and of the amusing things that happen when sea captains rage furiously together. We have known him for a number of years, and his supply of salt-water comedies appears to be inexhaustible. The other wrote "The Monkey's Paw," which will be a sufficient introduction for most people. Both these well-known authors contribute to "Sea Whispers." It is impossible to say which of them tells the neatest story. The night watchman is at the top of his form. For creepiness, the atmosphere of murder and guilty terror, "His Brother's Keeper" and "The Interruption" would be hard to beat. The contrasting stories alternate; so that you may experience the sensations of first having your sense of humour titillated, and then feeling cold shivers run up and down your spine. And whether you prefer a Grand Guignol affair or the humours of the riverside, you must be sure not to miss "Sea Whispers."

MOONLIGHT MADNESS. By EDITH NEPEAN. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d.)

Wild Wales, and the love of its people for their beautiful country, are the basic material of Edith Nepean's books. She draws freely upon the glory of the crags and the passes, the purple heather and the stormy sea; and she does not hesitate to make use of smugglers, and ancient heritages, and to indicate a radiant future on the last page. "Moonlight Madness" is romance, and people like whole-hearted romance, and will go on liking it, let the realists write what they may. It transports its readers to the islands of the blest, as Mr. Kipling would have put it. Mrs. Nepean is popular, and she has earned her popularity by her story-telling knack, and by the enthusiasm with which her novels are written.

THE FORTUNES OF HUGO. By DENIS MACKAIL. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

Denis Mackail arrived among the young writers at the right moment: we were thirsty for a fresh humourist, and we welcomed him with open arms. "Greener Street" was entirely delectable. "The Fortunes of Hugo" is more extravagant and more haphazard; but, then, it is a series of short stories instead of a novel. It is a lively entertainment, full of uproarious absurdities. Mr. Mackail excels at creating cheerful young asses and persuading you to love them. You cannot help seeing Mr. Hugo is a knockabout turn; but you sit back and laugh, and enjoy his antics. And when you come to the end of them, you are left with the soothing feeling of having spent a gay hour with an author who is always light-hearted and who is spontaneously witty.

"Roman and Mediæval France" is the title of an attractive brochure just issued by the P.L.M. Railway, and written by that eminent travel author and lecturer, Mr. Percy Allen, describing the P.L.M. autocar services in the historic Lower Rhone Valley. The booklet is tastefully illustrated by eight pages of half-tone plates and several delightful pen-and-ink sketches by Miss Helen McKie. It also contains maps of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean railway system and the autocar services in question. No prospective traveller to the South of France should be without a copy, which can be obtained gratis from the London Offices of the company in Piccadilly.

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LYDIA SOKOLOVA—"QUEEN OF ENGLISH DANCERS."

[Photo by Lenare.]

### BEHIND THE SCENES at the RUSSIAN BALLET

Lydia Sokolova, "Queen of English Dancers," in a conversation in her dressing room, described the Russian Ballet as "a little self-contained village moving about Europe. We do not go much into society," she added, "we have to save ourselves for our Art."

One understands better the nervous and physical strain involved when one considers that the Russian dancers are both supreme actors and perfect acrobats. To meet this double strain the most

nourishing food is essential, and Lydia Sokolova finds Virol-and-Milk "excellent for preventing both physical and nervous exhaustion." She takes it between the performances as a food which is both very sustaining and perfectly digestible.

All those whose work or play involves physical or nervous strain, or who suffer from nervous exhaustion, cannot do better than "hitch their waggon to the Stars" of the Russian Ballet.

## VIROL & MILK

## "THE WORLD'S MUSIC": A NEW AEOLIAN LIBRARY.

WHILE much has been done for the training of the musical performer, the education of the audience—which, after all, is of some importance to the welfare of music—has hitherto been comparatively neglected. It may be thought that anyone "that hath ears to hear," and is not deaf, can be a satisfactory listener; but it is one thing merely to listen, and another to listen with understanding and enjoyment.

Realising this fact, the Aeolian Company has conferred a great boon on the general public, and in particular on the possessors of a Pianola or a Duo-Art, by publishing a new library of illustrated and descriptive music rolls for those instruments, under the title of "The World's Music." The faculty of intelligent listening which these rolls will impart cannot be confined to their actual owners, but will be extended among their friends, and gradually permeate the population, increasing the appreciative capacity of audiences wherever music is heard.

The rolls in "The World's Music" fall into four main classes—Biographical, Analytical, "Running Comment," and Annotated. Every roll is issued in two forms, for Pianola and Duo-Art respectively. The Duo-Art Pianola, it may be recalled, differs from the ordinary instrument in that the operator can turn from his own interpretation of pieces to that of eminent pianists, accurately reproduced. A recent invention has made it possible to print on sheets of paper as long as 100 feet, so that the rolls perforated with the notes of a composition may bear pictures, music-type extracts, and comments or explanations by musical experts which render the music "accessible" to every mind. The mechanism of a pianola, of course, is such that the operator can stop at any point in a roll, or turn back and repeat a passage at will.

The "Biographical" rolls set forth the careers of leading composers, with abundant pictorial illustrations, and extracts from their works, ending with one typical work performed in full. An example is

Sir Henry Hadow's Biographical roll of Brahms, with twenty-eight illustrations. He is also doing one on Schubert, and among others forthcoming are those of Beethoven, by Sir Alexander Mackenzie; Bach, by Dr. W. G. Whittaker; Chopin and Grieg, by Mr. G. C. Ashton Jonson.

The "Analytical" rolls explain the secrets of musical craftsmanship. After some explanatory letterpress, the themes or tunes of a piece are set forth in music type and played on the instrument. Then follow examples of the composer's method of developing his material, and lastly comes a rendering of the whole piece. The Analytical roll thus acts as a musical "friend," and a very patient one, willing to repeat any passage, if necessary, at a slower speed. A notable example is a roll by Dr. J. B. McEwen, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, on Mendelssohn's Andante and Rondo Capriccioso.

The "Running Comment" rolls bring ear and eye into play simultaneously. The comments are printed at intervals on the side of the perforation, to be read as the passages concerned are played. These rolls differ from the Analytical in that they proceed at once to play the whole piece, without preliminary explanation, the comments being "interjected" by the author while the performance is in progress. Here again, of course, it is possible to pause or repeat at slower speed. Sir Landon Ronald has done a Running Comment roll on Grieg's Pianoforte Concerto (First Movement).

The "Annotated" rolls are the simplest in the series, and are most suitable for elucidating the slighter pieces of the great composers, such as Chopin, Grieg, Schumann, Mendelssohn, or Debussy. These rolls have three paragraphs of letterpress preceding the perforation, and are somewhat similar to an annotated programme. Thus, in an Annotated roll on Bach's Sinfonia to his 29th Church Cantata, Sir Hugh Allen has avoided severe analysis and merely prefaces the piece with some illuminating ideas as to the composer's method and the sources and character of his material.

Besides these four main series of rolls, there are others specially designed for schools and teaching

purposes, including a set on ear training and rhythm for young children.

All the rolls in "The World's Music" are being produced under the editorship of Mr. Percy A. Scholes, the well-known music critic and author, and many eminent musicians and writers are engaged in compiling the various series. The scheme was approved by the Honorary Advisory Committee on the Educational Use of Piano-Player Rolls, formed last year, and consisting of Sir Alexander Mackenzie (Chairman), Mr. J. Aikman Forsyth (Hon. Sec.), Sir Landon Ronald, Sir Hugh Allen, Sir Henry Wood, Dr. J. B. McEwen, Professor J. C. Bridge, Professor C. H. Kitson, and Mr. Robin H. Legge. Great interest is taken in the scheme abroad, and honorary committees of distinguished foreign musicians have been formed to promote it in France, Belgium, Spain, and the United States. Full particulars are given in a beautifully illustrated booklet issued by the Aeolian Company.

Before a large gathering of musicians and others at the Connaught Rooms recently, a remarkable development in gramophone reproduction was demonstrated by the Columbia Company. The 1927 model of the Columbia gramophone represents what is claimed to be a fifty per cent. advance in tone and balance over the model of 1923. Part of the credit is due to the new electric recording process. The lion's share of the improvement, however, goes to the gramophone itself. This machine is fitted with a double horn, which gives what may be termed an almost stereoscopic effect, so that tones and sounds, hitherto submerged or lost, are given their full value. Acting in conjunction with this new internal design is a vastly better sound-box, and the results achieved are really remarkable. The Columbia Company are marketing a range of models from £4 10s. to £25, and a striking feature of the demonstration was the comparison between a £25 1923 cabinet model and a 1927 table grand priced at £6 10s. The immense sums spent by the Columbia Company in experiment and research have resulted in a gramophone of attractive design and really excellent performance at a price well within the reach of most pockets.



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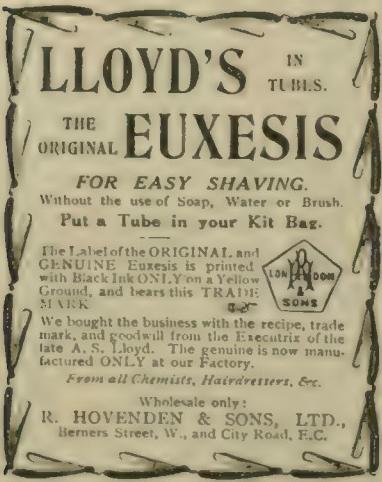
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keys sh'h what a clatter: and ah! any-  
time! any day—anywhere—day or night, the  
inevitable

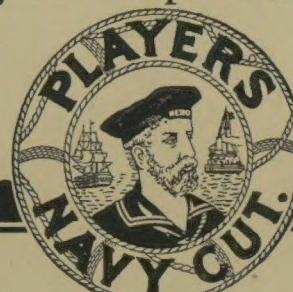


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MEDIUM 10 for 6<sup>d</sup>

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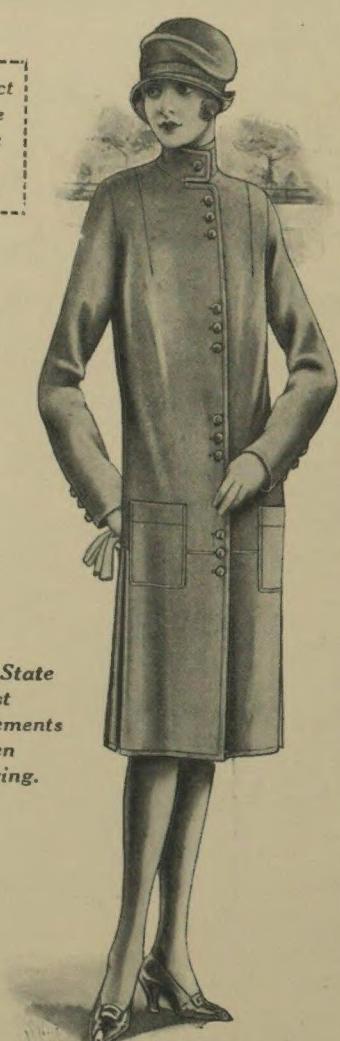
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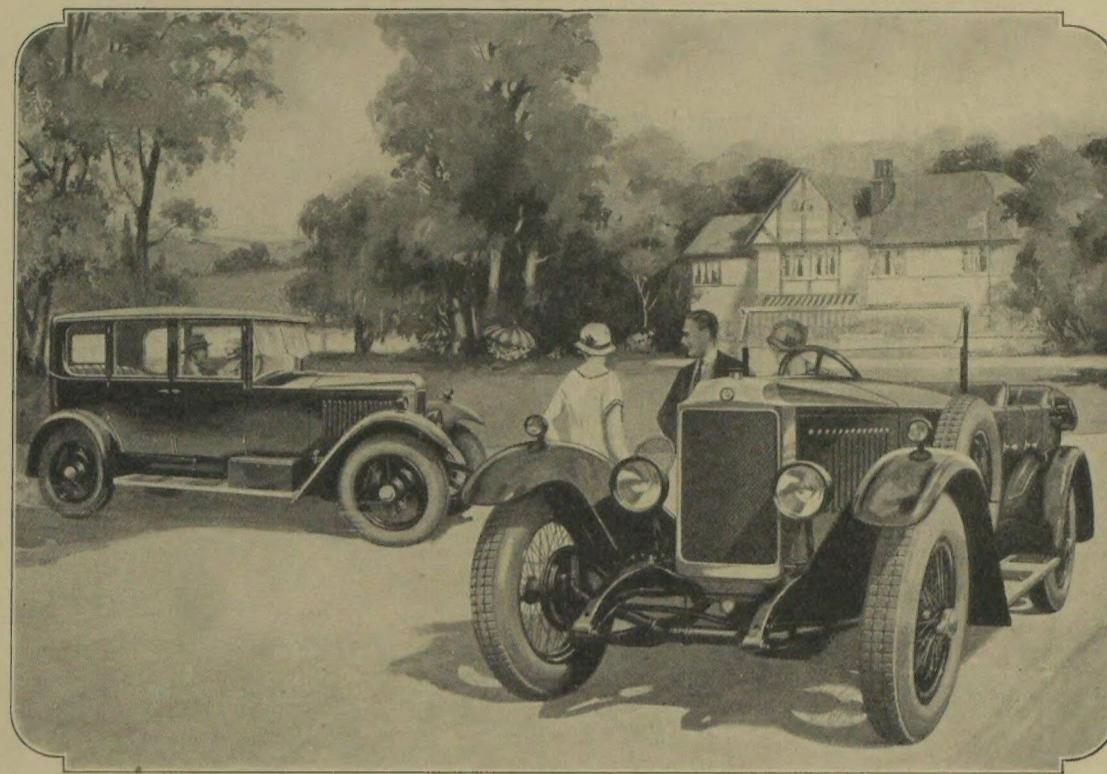


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THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

'Princeton' £495

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(New Season's Prices)

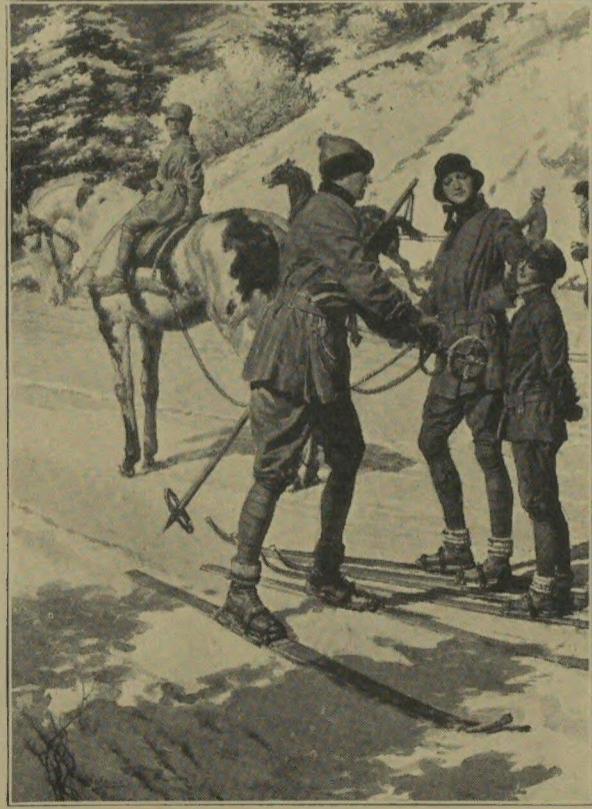
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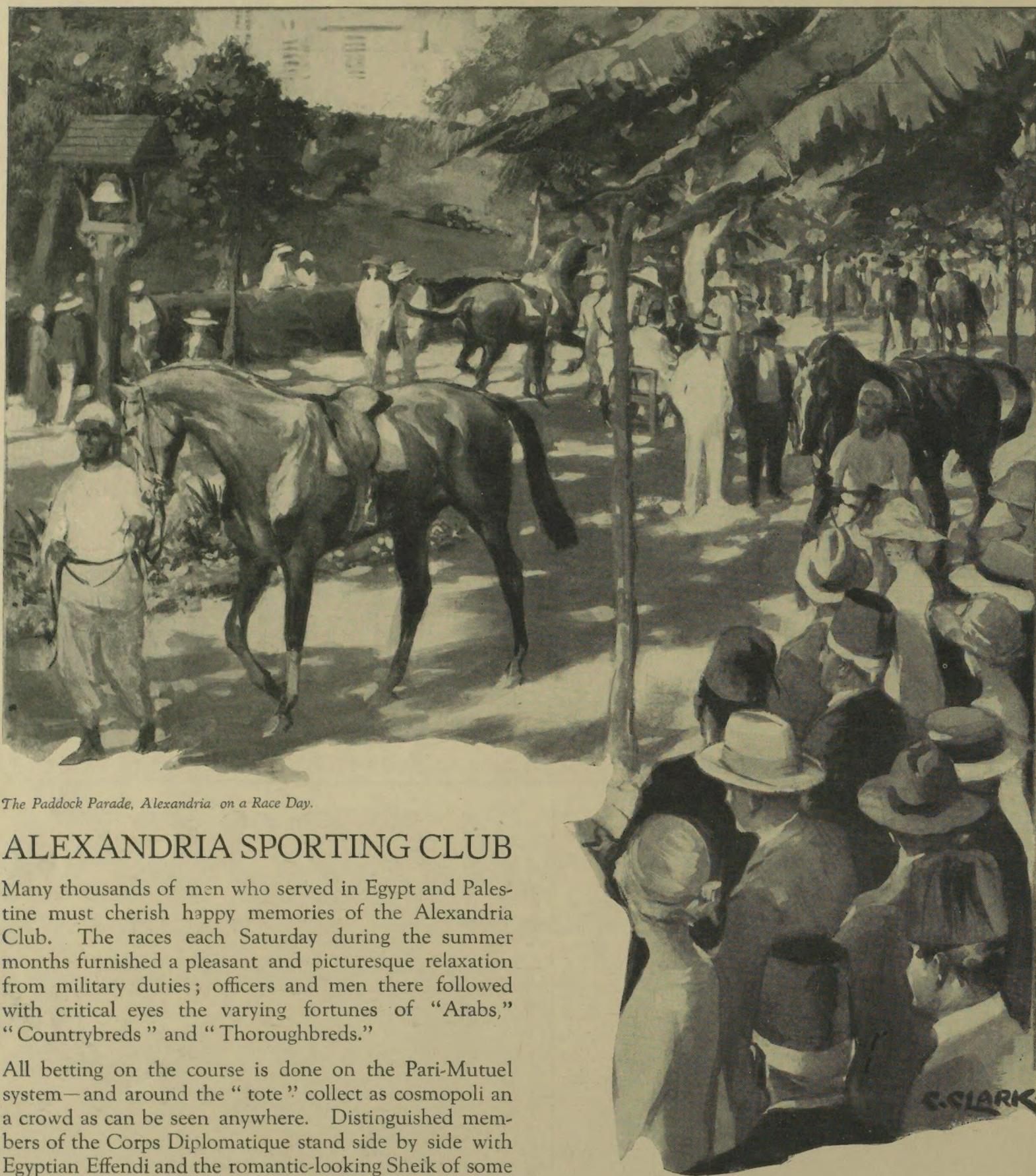
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*The Paddock Parade, Alexandria on a Race Day.*

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All betting on the course is done on the Pari-Mutuel system—and around the "tote" collect as cosmopolitan a crowd as can be seen anywhere. Distinguished members of the Corps Diplomatique stand side by side with Egyptian Effendi and the romantic-looking Sheik of some ancient desert tribe, whilst in the cheaper ring the British Tommy holds his own as usual with the hundred and one nationalities represented there.

The Club was formed in 1889 as a racing club pure and simple; but Polo quickly followed and now the devotees of Football, Tennis, Hockey, Bowls and Croquet have their separate locations in the spacious and extensive sports grounds. An 18-hole Golf Course has been added and provides an interesting change from our own grass-grown home links.

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*By Appointment*

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ESTABLISHED 1627